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Original Poetry.

FOURTH OF JULY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY JAMES P. JETT.

Dawn of oppression's fall! thy morning ray
Brought hope, tho' robed in tempest, to mankind,
And heralded in clouds the bright noon-day
Which burst, in fulness, on the chainless mind:
For tho' a tyrant's legions were combined
To shroud in endless gloom thy early light,
Unflinching hands our DECLARATION signed,
And hearts, whom danger's front could ne'er affright,
Rejoiced as thy first ray gleamed o'er oppression's night.

Fresh in the patriot's fancy glow again
Thy deeds of glory!—the dark storm of war,
Scowling in blackness, o'er the gory plain,
And through it glimmering, dimly and afar,
The lonely light of Freedom's struggling star—
The spirits of the brave oppressed and bowed
Beneath the wheels of despotism's car—
The ringing musket and the cannon loud,
And bright swords leaping forth, like lightning on the cloud!

And as again fond memory portrays
The stormy time when Freedom's doubtful fire
First gleamed upon its altar—the dark days
Through which, with spirits never known to tire,
Our fathers boldly braved the tyrant's ire,
And to the storm their starry banner spread,
And brooked, in every form, misfortunes dire,
And for their rights, their life-blood nobly shed—
Our inmost souls are stirred in homage for the dead.

From the cold North unto the sunny South;
From the Atlantic to the trackless West,
A people's voice is raised, as from one mouth,
In praise of WASHINGTON—by all confessed
Of Freedom's sons the bravest and the best—
Who stood, when others faltered, undismayed—
Who to the wildest blast exposed his breast,
And nobler still, aside his armor laid,
When victory crowned the cause for which he drew his blade.

Freedom oppressed, hath sought a refuge here,
And reared its heavenly beacon—and his sail,
Hither the wanderer of the deep may steer,
And find a peaceful haven from the gale;
And tho' false pens abuse and foemen rail,
And, artfully, each cause of strife be fanned,
Yon light on Freedom's steep shall ne'er grow pale
Whilst cherished is the memory of that band,
Whose valor lit it first above our native land.

Yes—long as Freemen faithful shall remain,
And in their dead sires' glory take a pride,
Upon yon banner there shall rest no stain,
And tyrants and their minions be defied;
And brightening still o'er time's remotest tide
Shall gleam our fame—till, kindling at the sight,
The nations of the earth shall, far and wide,
Burst the dark bondage of oppression's night,
And Freedom over all shed its immortal light!

Washington, Hempstead Co., Arkansas.

Original Novellette.

JONCE SMILEY;

The Boy Who Had No Friends.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "TRUSTING APPEARANCES," "KITTY CLARK, OR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT," "THREE FOOLS IN A FAMILY."

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

IN WHICH THE READER BEGINS TO REJOICE THAT THE END IS NEAR.

The progress of this story must be supposed to have gone through nearly twenty years, else would not our friend Jonce be eligible to the gift which the people of his Congressional District had conferred upon him, the honor of representing them in the Congress of the United States. And twenty years in the history of this country is equivalent to a century in almost any other, so rapidly has the forest been redeemed and the ground applied to the support of thousands. In old countries, where precedents are the guides and rules of action, old age confers position and importance, which no youth or middle age may attain. In a new nation, where almost every thing is experimental, youth, with its bounding hopes, its restless activity, its audacious contempt of usages, dogmas, theories and other old world trammels, is the admired and influential period of man's life. In other words, it seems as if Americans, particularly in the newer states, take life as they do their food, as a thing to be gobbled down as fast as possible. And though bolting at table is pretty sure to inflict the penalties of indigestion, it is on the other hand a security against drony table exercise, systematic gormandizing, unhealthy obesity, and that sloth which makes the dinner-idolator as inefficient as a stuffed goose or a crammed turkey. So in political matters, the young states and communities which, in their juvenile political hey-dey, prepare indigestible political doses, can as easily put them off as put them on; and suffer infinitely less than older communities which patiently endure burthens and exactions almost insufferable, enduring them for the simple reason that they are old! Both states of society have their disadvantages—the mean will be found by-and-bye, and this is the country, in which the discovery is to be made.

But this is not telling our story—and if we are allowed to predicate an opinion upon a yawn, it is not *much* interesting the reader. Certainly it is duller than any thing Jonathan Smiley, Esq. ventured to say while he was "stamping it" to secure the votes of those whom he hoped were to be his constituents. Of quick natural parts, sound judgment, great practical good sense, and by no means inefficient general education, he was not at all unworthy of the trust which he solicited; and if in electioneering his friends put his claims, as we have seen, upon grounds not precisely entitling him to legislative promotion, it was because his capacity was presumed and admitted; and to make that capacity available to his country, it only needed that he should secure the personal preference of those who make legislators. And this, by the way, is an universal feature of electioneering in this country. In talent all the candidates are presumed to be upon a par, and, save in a few marked exceptions, the supposition holds true. "All other things being equal," the great struggle is principally to establish this man or the other as "the best fellow." And to the securing of this character for Jonce his large acquaintance contributed much, and the efforts of Henry Underwood who "stumped" vigorously in his behalf, contributed more. Henry had had a surfeit of ambition in his military and other expensive youthful honors, and had no desire to throw away certainties in a political lottery. He felt under no small obligation to his friend, and was anxious so to acquit himself as to repay the service which the hardy woodsman had done him. It was for such reasons that, when he might have fiddled himself into the seat in Congress, he preferred to aid to send Jonathan Smiley there—and Jonathan, it must be acknowledged, was nothing loth. Had the two friends been opposing candidates there can be little doubt that the result would have been the same to Jonce, while Underwood, in addition to the loss of his election would have fallen short of the increase of patronage acquired as the champion of the "peoples' friend."

Triumphant was Berryville when the confidently anticipated result was declared officially. The only man who showed no elation was the successful candidate—he felt too much to trust himself with the utterance. He knew *all* his victory—no one else did. He could look back to the time when he was not permitted to speak of himself as having any claim on the present—to say nothing of the future; when tyrant contempt would have hooted him if he had been suspected of thinking himself worthy of the trust of leading a horse to water, and when the ready and impatient thrust put him suddenly aside, if he ventured to intrude where boys even, to say nothing of men were talking.

As Jonce reviewed his childhood, he thought of his mother with feelings softened by time and improved by discretion, and his heart now yearned toward her if not with an earnest affection, at least with dutiful sentiments. He could now estimate and weigh all the circumstances which made him painfully troublesome, even to an only parent; and when he recollected how busy, how maliciously busy was gossip in misrepresenting him to her, in his childhood, he no longer wondered that she was harsh to him, but he did wonder that she tolerated him at all. He thought of the Deacon as one who went through the form, and who supposed that he went through the fact of an examination before he condemned. He thought of Peltiah Perkins, and a smile of loathing contempt crossed his face—he remembered the son John, and, (the truth must be acknowledged) the member of congress elect did wish most heartily that the Fates might so order it, as to give him a chance to intimate strikingly to that young gentleman precisely *what* he thought of him. In plain English Jonce would have gloried, just then, in a chance to thresh his old enemy soundly.

But, inquires the reader, is'nt it very strange that, all this time, he did not think of Margaret, the faithful Margaret, in his joy? If he had not it would indeed have been strange—and his thoughts did wander to her continually, though not with sufficient distinctness, as the newspapers say, to give her a "separate paragraph." When he recollected that his mother was a mother after all, and as kind as the officious malice of her neighbors would permit her to be, her face seemed to change in his waking dream to that of Margaret. As the Deacon passed the field of his mental telescope, his round fat face changed its age and sex, and his broad flapped coat its sex also, and the Deacon entered as the Deacon, but to go out as the Deacon's ward, Jonathan's youthful angel. And when, out of the dim past, the malicious ape Peltiah and his no less malicious son grinned and seemed in their imbecile rage to chide and and gibber at him, a vision of light came between him and them, in which their darkness faded out of his memory, and the one bright spot of his infancy lighted up his heart, like the memory of a single bright and glorious streak in the gloom of a cloudy morning.

He sighed. The vision seemed too impalpable for him to grasp—a glimpse of impossible joy too heavenly for him to realize. His thoughts next pursued the theme, what manner of man her husband might be, and he wondered if her children had any *defenders against the cruelty of such as Peltiah*—or, and he shuddered, if she might not herself be the wife courtesy-termed, the slave in fact, of some libel on human nature. Was she still living, or had she gone down early to the grave, under the thraldom of the thankless artificial life which he had been so fortunate in escaping?

The marriage of Harry Underwood had caused a disturbance of some long dormant moveables in the household of Mr. Berry. To fit out the cabin of the newly married temporarily, at least, with what moveables could be spared, the stow-holes were industriously rummaged, and nook and cranny gave up their long undisturbed items. In this general dragging out, a soiled and dusty package fell under Jonathan's hand, the inclination to open which he could not resist—though all else passed it without notice. It was a child's handkerchief—gnawed by the rats and mice, till ready to fall into dust, thereby bearing record that time had been, when its enclosure embraced something worth the attention of those quadruped investigators. The shreds of cloth removed, what had been once a book appeared, its leaves loosened at the back by the industry of explorers, and its leather covers laid out into maps by the routes of industrious book worms of the literal class. On the fly leaf was written *her name*—beneath it she had traced his. It was a copy of that book which a mother of New England would ever choose to send abroad with her child as her counsellor; that book by which a maid of New England would ever be remembered by her absent friend. Jonathan opened and showed it to Berry.

"This beats me," said the latter, after he had for a few moments dwelt upon it in his thoughts. "Why, Jonathan, the very morning that I came away from Hardscrabble, with your mother and Deacon Underwood—there was a little girl run up, and put this book in my hand. I never should have thought of it again, if you had not handed it to me!"

It is to be presumed that Berry might not have remembered a circumstance which he had forgotten for twenty years. But it was only, after all, a specimen, slightly exaggerated, of the speed and certainty of the delivery of letters and packets "by private hand." Jonathan withdrew into the forest, with the precious token, all worm eaten as it was in his bosom.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

IN WHICH THE HERO, WHO IN CHAPTER ONE, RODE INTO TOWN ON A COW, RIDES IN ON A HORSE. THE WRITER'S JOY IS COMPLETE—AND SO IS THE READER'S, THIS BEING CHAPTER THE LAST.

Margaret Smith, or as she was more usually termed the Deacon's Margaret, or Margaret Underwood, had now reached the peculiar age, when people thought more for her, than she thought for herself, as to whom, *if anybody*, she would ever marry. She showed such perfect content in her single blessedness, and appeared so entirely happy as the Deacon's household prime-minister, that all the younger portion of the community—(and what a set of young ones had grown up, since our story opened)—considered her out of the marriage list, unless some old widower should pick her up, to keep his household in order. As they deemed her no more to be counted or thought of as a rival for young folks, she was an universal favorite, and like all good natured old maids, had a larger circle of female friends than any other woman in town. Nor did the young men leave her out of their visiting lists—for she was one with whom they could chat agreeably for an hour, and not incur the slightest suspicion. Not a dream of jealousy, though a young man were in the very most perilous point of his passage down the course of true love, would he awaken in the breast of an adored, the most suspicions, by being kind and attentive to our Margaret. She was in truth considered as out of the question when marriage was talked of, and her universal popularity was not a little aided by the fact that at the date of this chapter she stood in nobody's way. The unsuccessful essay of Peltiah Perkins's son John was the last attempt made to win Margaret, and she was tacitly thenceforward consigned to the wrong side of the marriage list, as above set forth and described. And although John, as the reader may remember, behaved upon that occasion as though he fancied she might have some latent kindness for our hero Jonce, as she, in her cavalier dismissal of him betrayed or avowed no friendship for another, the recollection of the early friendship of Margaret and of Jonce had passed entirely from the Hardscrabble memory.

Peltiah Perkins died and was buried. Many were the virtues which were discovered in the character of the defunct, after he had ceased to be, and long was the procession, all on foot, which followed Peltiah, father of the town, as he had been considered, under the Deacon, to his last earthly resting place. According to the good old custom, Peltiah's remains were borne upon the shoulders of eight of those nearest his age, of sufficient strength to support the burthen, four bearing the body, and the others walking beside it, ready to relieve their friends at stated intervals. Then on foot, two and two, followed all the town, the immediate relatives of the deceased first—then his friends—then his acquaintances, the latter including all the adult inhabitants of the place in which he was born, had lived, and died. Not a few children were in the solemn train; for in New England the child is early taught that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. No studied funereal pomp—no mocking pageantry of woe—no mercenary adjuncts and accidents of mourning added to the solemnity of the scene—nor could such vanity, had it been present, have increased the effect. It must, rather have destroyed or diminished it. When one in the village dies, men say "*It is one of us*—let us all attend him to his long home," and all who can, do thus honor the dead, for they miss his step from among them. When one in a city dies, the busy worldlings say—"It is a man dead, let us pay those whose trade it is to do him honor;" and the overfed sleek black horses, prance up till within a door of the house, their black plumes shaking giddily like so many dancing deaths. Restively pawing, as with difficulty checked down to funeral pace and then to a funeral stop before the door, the horses wait impatiently for their load of mortality; and, in a gait restrained, with frequent efforts to break into a trot, they bear the dead to the tomb; and then, the ungracious task once performed, the coach of the dead, and the coaches of the living hurry away; with no farther effort to remember the duty which summoned them forth.

As Deacon Underwood bared his head at the entrance of the grave-yard while the body of his friend passed in, he noticed that he was joined by a stranger—a stranger evidently, or he would have been one of the procession. The Deacon did not look up to the new comer's face, for, as that reverent cortege entered the home of the dead, all eyes were fixed upon the earth. The body was committed to the ground; the procession wound around the grave, and moved out of the yard, each eye, as the narrow pit was passed, being strained to catch a last look, at the wood which concealed all that remained of Peltiah Perkins. The stranger was much moved—and when all had passed out, remounted his horse which had been hitched at the gate, and dusty and travel worn, Jonathan Smiley, for he it was, followed the funeral procession home. As couple after couple of the acquaintances of the deceased turned aside to seek their homes, many a curious eye was turned scanningly upon the stranger—but none knew him. And how should they recollect him? The despised boy could not be recognised in that stalwart and manly form; nor could those who caught a nearer glimpse remember the down-cast and sheepish eyes of poor Jonce in the steady and manly look of Jonathan Smiley. Divers and curious were the speculations as to whom and what this travelled apparition could be and could mean, by starting up just then and just there; and the family record of the Perkinses was canvassed, to find out what distant relation having forgotten Peltiah alive, had come to claim consanguinity with the dead man's estate. Even John Perkins, dutiful son as he was, let his father's memory fade, to trace in his own the family tree, and discover, if possible, what distant branch of it had now appeared, to cry "shares!" in the division. Jonathan Smiley more sincerely mourned than any other—for, remembering Peltiah with more unkindness perhaps, than any other human being, he was entering the township of Hardscrabble, determined to punish him a little for former cruelties, when the open grave-yard arrested his pace. He was shocked to hear for whom the grave was waiting. In an instant his thoughts took a better turn, and he bitterly lamented that he could not have seen and freely, fully, and unconditionally expressed his forgiveness to his early persecutor. And bitterly too did he muse on the pitiful malice which can find place in the heart of one dying worm against another, while toward both are winging the missiles of that "insatiate archer," whose arrest checks thought, and life, and purpose, while even that thought is imagining evil—and that purpose is seeking it!

But if other eyes failed to recognise Jonathan Smiley there was one who could not be deceived. As Margaret turned with her guardian to enter the house, she too cast a glance at the apparition—but she by instinct as it were, caught a knowledge of his identity. With a sharp but low cry she pulled the Deacon's arm, and both stood in the door half doubting, half expectant to welcome him as he alighted. No assumed distance on the part of Margaret damped her welcome—no stiff ceremony prevented the Deacon from fairly hugging Jonce in his arms, as one who, in his absence had deeply grown in his affections.

And now was all Hardscrabble in an instant excitement. All feet of men tended to the Deacon's house to welcome *home* as they said (though they said nothing of the kind twenty years before) *our* Jonathan—the Hon. Jonathan Smiley. And the women, bless their hearts! who could not rendezvous at the tavern, ran from house to house, comparing notes, and consulting recollections as to what manner of man Hon. J. Smiley now was, and what manner of boy Jonce Smiley was once. Pretty young women, who were pretty children when he left Hardscrabble, each in her inmost heart studied whether she were too strongly affianced, if affianced, to break loose and marry a member of Congress, provided he were so importunate as to refuse to listen to "no," at any rate. As to those who had no flame on hand, each, in her own mind set the Hon. J. S. down as her sure and lawful prize, and wondered if any body else would be so foolish as to think of appropriating him!

And what thought Margaret? In the first place, that her early friend had come home, safe, sound and honored, and that he brought joy to the Deacon's heart, and good news of his son, and a good account of that son's wife and prospects, spread over her heart a summer time—a lassitude of joy, so to speak, which permitted her to trouble herself not one iota about the morrow. She was as entirely unselfish as a dear, good, whole-souled woman could be—she rejoiced in the joy of Jonce, and in the pleasure of the Deacon, and her only selfish thoughts rose in ascriptions of praise to that good God, who had crowned Jonathan's early griefs with mercy and with loving kindness.

Hurriedly were the "tea-things" set aside in Hardscrabble that evening; and though it was Saturday, and therefore in New England the "preparation," we are compelled as a veracious historian to acknowledge that the said preparation for the Sabbath was on this occasion most sadly neglected. The women could not go in the afternoon to the Deacon's bar-room, but there was no rule in the Hardscrabble code of etiquette which could forbid them calling upon Margaret. They found Mrs. Smiley there, for Jonathan had been seen but a few minutes before waiting upon his mother to the Deacon's house—but Margaret had "just stepped out;" nor was the Hon. Jonathan Smiley present. Such a coincidence with any other unmarried lady in the case would have made quite a buzz; but the Hardscrabble belles only whispered to each other that Margaret was a dear good creature; and that when Mr. Smiley was a boy, they had understood she was quite a nurse to him!

But as every one who came "sot and sot," the Deacon at last said he would "go look up the girl." He was not long in the search, and in a moment more, Miss Margaret, with some confusion in her manner introduced a fine sun-burned fellow, as, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Hon. Jonathan Smiley." Etiquette might have told a more artificial lady to present the company to him, instead of him to them—but she took the shortest way. As she pronounced the "Honorable," with full emphasis, and roguish accent, a keen observer might have suspected something from her manner—something, for instance like a forced flippancy to conceal deeper thought. But the keen observers were all looking at the lion—not at that dear, good-natured old-fashioned creature, Margaret Smith.

Margaret was forthwith elbowed out of sight by her visitors, who, coming under the pretext of seeing her, were entirely taken up with a creature of another color. Common consent among her kind young friends fixed the conclusion that she, in fact a kind of upper "help," could not possibly take any interest in Hon. Jonathan Smiley, except to air his shirts and darn his stockings—for the present; and the village elite felt quite obliged to themselves for their good nature that they had honored her so far as to make a bridge of her nose to climb to the presence of Hon. Jonathan Smiley. And they also complacently remarked that she *was* "a dear good sensible woman and did not require to have her place even hinted to her." And by a strange anomaly, they considered the *mother* of the Hon. J. S. fit company for one whom they placed in the social scale below the son. Heigho! To be sure her old crape dress *was* faded!

There must be an end to every evening, and there was an end to this, when Jonathan took his mother on his arm to go home, and Margaret bade Mr. Smiley "good night Jonathan!"

"I declare!" said a young lady, "how familiar and motherly she is to Hon. Mr. Smiley! I do believe if the Deacon should die, Mr. Smiley would give her a home, as long as she lived to take care of his children!"

On the day following, the hoary headed Pastor was amazed at the dilatoriness of his people at coming into the meeting-house; and at the words in whispers, and the significant looks which were exchanged among his usually sedate congregation. The very children (quick observers!) seemed to catch the infection of the day, and never were they more troublesome. The seats which in olden time hung on hinges in New England meeting houses, slammed ever and anon in all directions, by the restlessness of the juveniles, and altogether the reverend man never felt before so scandalised at the conduct of the congregation.

"What is the matter!" whispered the Parson to the aged Sexton, as that functionary came up the pulpit stairs as usual, to hand in the "notes" of those who "desired the prayers of the church and congregation."

"Why nothing at all," said the sexton, "only the intentions of matrimony are first published to day, between Jonathan Smiley, and Margaret Smith."*

"Oh! said the Parson with a suppressed scream, as he let his pulpit bible fall from his knees upon his toes. The truth was that every body was astonished—except Deacon Underwood. As, on the evening previous, he had seen Margaret's head start from Jonathan's shoulder, when he found them together at the early trysting place in his garden; and as he had picked up on the grass, that very moth eaten bible of which the reader has heard before; and furthermore as he had carried a written message from Hon. Jonathan Smiley, to the town-clerk with strict injunctions of secrecy, he was not at all surprised. With a face full of grave fun, he stole peeps at the disturbed congregation, as he sat alone in his pew, modesty keeping the lovers away; and with a most iron look of "don't you wish you knew all about it!" he met all glances. But when he saw the parson let the bible fall, for the first time in his life and the last, the Deacon "laughed in meeting"—and no very silent laugh neither, though it reverentially turned into a distressing cough by way of finale.

Now what remains to be said? Of course, the couple were married; and Hardscrabble forgot its surprises, and its momentary assumption of misplaced aristocracy, to be present at the wedding and wish the couple joy; and sincerely too, did all congratulate good Margaret Smith, though some protested they did not know that "white would make her look so young." As to Peltiah's heir, he could not be present, but he took an early opportunity to make a call. Previously thereto he lauded Jonce to the skies, and exalted Margaret with him. Subsequently he humphed—and said "an old maid would do well enough for a Western Congressman's wife. It was pretty cheap to get into Congress from the West, as you might know by *that* Jonce doing it." Sacrilege! *That* Jonce Smiley! But Jonce was a new politician—a straight forward honest man; or else when Peltiah's heir had asked the M. C. to give him the Hardscrabble post office, he would not have answered that it was not his to give.

The Deacon sold out in Hardscrabble, and at the close of the session of Congress, went out with Hon. Jonathan Smiley, his lady and his mother, to live in the West—where, at this present writing, we trust they are well and happy. As to John Perkins, he remains still in Hardscrabble, and there we fancy he will remain; for the overseers of the poor have long counted on him as a resident in their Public Mansion whenever sickness shall complete his helplessness, the fine Perkins' farm having already come under mortgage for much more than it is worth.

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* In many country towns in New England, written notices of "intention" are posted at the church door.

THE END.

From the Magazines

FROM GODEY'S BOOK FOR JULY.

THOUGHTS AND REMINISCENCES FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Campaign against Quebec; EDWARD CAVENAUGH.

BY LEWIS R. HAMERSLY.

> So much for my preserver, "Honest Ned," which epithet he still bears among his neighbors, by whom he is much esteemed.—*Judge Henry.*

Reverence for the departed is one of the most beautiful features of humanity, and it is said that it has prevailed in a ratio almost inverse to the degree of civilization; thus teaching us that it is the untutored voice of that deep religion of the soul which nature has implanted in the hearts of her simplest children, which prompts man to venerate the manes of his fathers. The funeral obsequies of the earlier and ruder nations of the East were full of pomp, sacrifices and sacred rites. The free and polished states of antiquity, too, wisely fostered this sentiment. They incited their youth to noble deeds by the posthumous honors which they lavished upon their illustrious dead. Greece was the land of apotheosized heroes and men-gods; her liberties had no better safeguard than the shining example of her virtuous civilians and patriot warriors; and one of our own great orators has strikingly said that the battle of Thermopylæ preserved her independence more than once. The ingenuous youth of Rome were surrounded by a thousand lively mementoes of the ornaments and benefactors of the republic. Their minds were always filled with national memories and feelings. The deeds of their departed great were "enrolled in the Capitol" perpetually kept fresh in the popular mind by amusements, games and festivals, and on all great and solemn occasions, their mute statues were borne through the capital in silent and slow procession.

Our own country, the youngest and fairest daughter of Liberty, should profit by the example of her elder sisters. True, as a nation we have no age of fabulous obscurity; no vague and shadowy traditionary era; no self flattering system of mythological genealogies. "Our country has stepped forth at maturity, in the panoply of war; like Minerva from the brain of Jove." The earthly origin of the founders of our States and achievers of our independence is so well authenticated that we have no show of reason for tracing their paternity to the gods who erst sat enthroned on Mount Olympus. The Revolution—the nation's birthday, was an event of the last age, yet lingering with us, to link the past and the present generation as closely together as though there were but a single succession of men. But few years have elapsed since the death of the most illustrious of the lion-hearted, patriot warriors and statesmen of that era; the very chronological order of their departure is distinctly preserved in the personal recollection of those who are now but in the prime of life. And has the effect of this close familiarity with their personal appearance and habits, their character and actions, and their death, been prejudicial to the vast measure of true fame allotted them? No! This has not been the effect of familiarity with them as they lived; for we have derived none but wholesome and invaluable lessons from such study of their character and principles. Our veneration of them has increased in exact proportion to the diligence with which we have lingered over the moral beauties of their lives; the attention with which we have contemplated the purity of their motives, and the wisdom of their precepts; the care with which we have marked all the excellences so pre-eminently and harmoniously blended together in them, and the patriotic emulation with which we have studied to be what we beheld; as Humboldt, from the time that he entered the Torrid Zone, was never wearied with admiring every night, the beauty of the Southern sky, which, as he advanced, continually opened new and brilliant constellations to his view. Neither has such been the effect of familiarity with them as they died; for the closing, final scene in their drama of life surpassed all others in grandeur and effect. "They all yielded to the summons of Omnipotence with the same cheerful submission with which they had ever obeyed the calls of duty here." Some of them were cut off in the midst of their struggles, but they died the glorious death of the martyred patriot. Others of them died just at the hour of final victory, and in the prime of life; but not prematurely, for they cannot be said to have died too soon whose work was done, and they had lived long enough to secure to themselves a niche in that immortal gallery which belongs to our canonized dead. Again, others of them lived to attain a good old age; to reap a rich harvest of honor and reward, and finally died at the height of human fame. We watched their dissolution with feelings akin to those of the celebrated traveller already alluded to, when, on approaching the equator, and on passing from one hemisphere to the other, he saw those stars which he had contemplated from his infancy, progressively sink, and finally disappear. God grant that the sublime anthems of national woe which so often burst from the full hearts of this great people at the intelligence of their respective deaths, may never die away, but swell to the very heavens, and peal through after ages, perpetuating their memory and the free institutions which they founded, in all the vigor of eternal youth!

The fame of the principal actors in the memorable events of the Revolution, it is true, is already secure. Genius has delighted to act as the handmaid of Patriotism in the grateful task of commemorating their services, and the literature of the age is full of the noblest tributes to the patriotism and wisdom of the peerless Washington and the more illustrious of his compatriots. May the rich heritage of blessed privileges which they have bequeated to us, prove as enduring as their fame.

But no one of our "heroic age," however humble, who acted his part well, should be suffered to pass unnoticed from the theatre of his toils and sacrifices in the cause of our freedom. Common gratitude demands that the remembrance of all our public benefactors be kept alive by acts commemorative of their names and services; but there are additional reasons, of a peculiar and important kind, why we should especially preserve the memory of the humbler participators in our war of independence. These are to be found in the principles and results of that war; in the new dignity which it gave to the mere individual; in the new importance which it attached to man as man; in the popular tendencies which it gave to the age; and in its sublime and universal vindication of humanity in teaching that all mankind are partakers of a common nature, and that all have "noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, and a vast destiny to accomplish."

Influenced by these general considerations, and as a tribute of gratitude for the services, and respect for the memory of an humble, but faithful revolutionary veteran, "I cast this humble stone upon this cairn," trusting that the similar contributions of other and abler hands, in like manner desirous of discharging some portion of the heavy debt of gratitude owing to the "soldiers of seventy-six," will continue to pile it aloft, until it towers to the skies—until the good deeds of every "Honest Ned" are duly chronicled, that they may be cherished in the warm hearts of this and all succeeding generations of American freemen.

EDWARD CAVENAUGH was born in the city of Dublin, in 1750. He was born in Ireland, "the natives of which were more instrumental in achieving the Revolution than any other people, save only the inhabitants of these United Colonies." He came to this country at an early age. When our revolutionary struggle began, his heart glowed with the love of liberty, and he at once warmly espoused the cause of the colonists against the mother country. In the autumn of 1775, the Continental Congress having determined on making a descent upon Canada, three hundred men, under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, were sent into that country, and succeeded in taking St. John's and Montreal. In the meanwhile another detachment from the American grand army, then in the vicinity of Boston, was organized, to penetrate into Canada by the route of the Kennebec and Chaudiere rivers, for the purpose of co-operating with the forces under Schuyler and Montgomery. The detachment consisted of eleven hundred men. Col. Benedict Arnold was appointed the commander-in-chief of the whole division. The corps was in part composed of riflemen, two companies of whom were from Pennsylvania, viz. Captain William Hendricks's from Cumberland county, and Captain Matthew Smith's from Lancaster county. The toils, privations and sufferings of this detachment seem almost incredible. "*Truth* is strange, stranger than *fiction*," for surely "no pen of ancient chronicler" has ever told, no fancy of the poet ever framed, a tale of romance surpassing in interest the plain, unvarnished narrative of this expedition through the wilderness of Maine, during the midst of winter, and under a climate of the greatest rigor. Its history was written by the late John Joseph Henry, who accompanied the expedition as a private in Smith's company, and who afterwards became President Judge of the second judicial district of Pennsylvania. The Judge compares it, in many respects to the celebrated retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, and says that it would "demand and require the talent and genius of a Xenophon, to do it real justice."

Edward Cavenaugh enlisted in Smith's company of the 1st Regiment of Pa. Rifle, commanded by Col. Thompson, of York, which company, as was before observed, was drafted for the campaign. A braver or a better soldier did not accompany the expedition. Judge Henry, in his history of the campaign, makes frequent and most honorable mention. On one occasion, he rescued the Judge and Lieutenant (afterwards General) Simpson from watery graves. The boat in which they were both seated, was capsized whilst crossing the Kenebec river; "and," says the Judge, "we should have drowned but for the assistance of Edward Cavenaugh, an Irishman, and an excellent soldier, who was designated in the company by the appellation of 'Honest Ned.'" In the daring attack on the city of Quebec, in which the noble Montgomery fell, and which terminated so disastrously to the American arms, he was taken prisoner, and forced by the authorities to join a regiment formed by the English for the defence of the city; being threatened, if he refused, that he would be sent to England in irons, to be executed as a rebel. He remained an enlisted prisoner for six months, when he effected his escape, according to Judge Henry, in the following daring manner: "Towards the end of January, Cavenaugh and Connor happened to compose a part of the same guard at Palace-gate, where the walls are from thirty to forty feet high, independently of the declivity of the hill. Cavenaugh was stationed as a sentry in conjunction with one of the British party. Connor had procured a bottle of rum; coming to the station, he drank himself, and presented the bottle to the British sentry. Whilst the latter was in the act of drinking, Cavenaugh gave him a push with the butt of his musket, which stunned and brought him to the ground. Taking his arms, they sprang over the walls into a deep bed of snow into which they sank mid-deep. It was with difficulty they extricated themselves, and the relief guard came in time to give them a volley, as they were scampering away. Thanks to God, my worthy Irishmen escaped unharmed, though, as they passed through St. Roque, they were complimented by several discharges of canister and grape-shot."

"Cavenaugh," the Judge adds, "is still (1812) living, is laborious, and has a large family of children, who are respectable in their way. You cannot conceive the joyousness of my heart, when hearing of him in my peregrinations a few years since, in the mountainous parts of York county. The Assembly of Pennsylvania have granted him a pension, for which that honorable body has my most fervent blessing. The pittance I then spared him, it is to be hoped, will never make you (the Judge's daughters) the poorer. So much for my preserver, 'Honest Ned,' which epithet he still bears among his neighbors, by whom he is much esteemed."

Cavenaugh, after his escape, rejoined the American army under the command of Arnold. He remained in the service four years, and was honorably discharged. After thus finally leaving the service of his adopted country, in which he had displayed so much bravery and fortitude, he repaired to his old home in Dillsburg, York county, Pennsylvania, the place which in 1812 contained but a few scattered dwellings, and was described as being situated in the "mountainous part" of the county, but which is now a compact, thriving and pleasant town, located near the base of one of the chain of the South mountains, and bordering upon a highly cultivated and fertile county. He continued to reside there until the period of his death, which took place on the 14th of January last, at the advanced age of 92. His remains were accompanied to the place of interment by a larger number of people than ever assembled on a similar occasion in that section of the country, and his corpse was consigned to the grave by the volunteers of the neighborhood, with military honors. The close of his life was as serene and happy as its active portion had been useful and patriotic. Thus died the last survivor of the memorable campaign against Canada of 1775. At a spontaneous convocation of his neighbors and friends—of "those who knew him," immediately after his funeral, it was fitly testified that he "never forfeited the title to the appellation of 'Honest Ned,'" and as touchingly and beautifully regretted that they had lost "so worthy a member of that gallant band, spared to this day by Providence, to grace by their virtues as citizens, the land they had rendered free by their valor." Peace to his ashes!

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

FROM THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Though in the dust this frame must lie,
And all its vigor pass away,
This thinking soul shall never die—
Shall never know decay.
Death may destroy this body's grace,
And hide its beauty in the tomb;
But from my soul can ne'er efface,
Its amaranthine bloom.

Time shall unnerve my youthful strength,
And age shall dim this beaming eye,
This throbbing heart shall cease at length,
And in the grave neglected lie;
But though my hand forget its skill,
And mingle with its kindred earth,
This breathing soul shall flourish still,
With Him who gave it birth.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

THE WRECKER.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The storm was at its height. During the whole day and part of the preceding night it had been blowing fiercely, increasing in fury every hour, until it now raged with an intensity rarely witnessed even on our inhospitable Atlantic coast. The wind whistled shrilly over the flat beach, making the bare elder bushes rattle like dry bones and almost prostrating the solitary wayfarer, who stood, half sheltered by a low sand hill, gazing out over the white and troubled ocean. Whoever he might be he had chosen a singular hour for his watch. It was long after twilight, and, in the shadowy obscurity the agitated ocean before him, with its dark billows tipped with foam, stretching away before the sight until lost in the gloom of the wild seaboard, had something ghastly in its aspect. A rack of leaden colored clouds drove across the firmament, stooping low down over the waters with a weird and threatening aspect. The sea ran in mountains, and though the whole surface of the deep was spotted with foam, there was a white, continuous line that never disappeared, just beneath the visible horizon, betokening the shoals off the coast. Further in, the waves broke again; and a few yards from the watcher they were shivered for the third time, hurling themselves on the beach in ceaseless thunder. At first their dark bosoms could be seen heaving sullenly up against the black seaboard; then, all at once, a white line of foam, beginning at one end of the toppling wave, would run swiftly along the brow; the crest would curl over for an instant; and then the huge mass of water would plunge headlong, in a cataract of snowy spray, on the beach. For a space the fragments of the wave would be seen shooting up the sand, and then as rapidly returning with the undertow. Another billow would now break with a concussion as loud as before, again the shattered wave would slide up the beach, and again the undertow would succeed.

But it was not to gaze on the sublimity of this scene that the solitary individual had taken post on that desolate beach. His eye ranged the horizon as if in search of some expected object, and at length he stooped forward, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed intently across the white waste of waters, while a smile of savage, almost fiendish exultation came across his face.

"Ay! there she is," he muttered, "I knew she could not escape me, for I saw her in the offing an hour ago, I was sure. I have her now. There has been but a poor trade this winter; but this tall ship will make up for the bad times."

He rubbed his hands as he spoke and looked around, as if already contemplating the bales of rich silks which he expected to realize from the wreck; for well he knew that nothing short of a miracle could save the doomed ship, since she was already too nigh to be able to claw off the coast in the teeth of the north-easter. He then cast his eye upward to a light fixed on a heavy pole, on the summit of the low sand hill.

"Ah! it's a trick I never knew to fail," said the wrecker, as if conversing with himself. "They think it the light off the Hook, and shape their course accordingly. Let me see," he continued, stopping a space to think, "they will bear up a little, so that they'll come on a mile or two further down. Well, well, one place is as good as another. By morning"—

"The crew will be all dead," said a harsh voice behind him, so unexpectedly that he started and looked around like one half expecting to see a spirit.

The wrecker's fears, however, vanished, when, holding the lantern to the intruder, he beheld a woman's face. But it was seamed with exposure and age, and made more repulsive by the grizzled hair which hung like a Medusa's snakes, about it. She wore a man's hat and pea jacket.

"It's only me, Master Bowen," said she, "you needn't be afeerd. The devil, no doubt, will have you some day, but not yet, not yet. You haven't murdered enough folk yet by luring 'em on here. But your time's coming."

A dark scowl settled on the man's brow at these words, while the veins of his forehead swelled like whip-cord with suppressed passion.

"What calls you here, old beldame!" he said sharply, "I told you to stay up at the hut," and noticing a certain leer in her eyes, he continued, abruptly changing his tone, "well, what have you seen to pay you for your walk?"

"Nothing, master, nothing I haven't long suspected. But enough," she added, smiling maliciously, "to make your neck not worth a farthing if I choose to speak out."

The man regarded her, for an instant, with a scowling brow, and perhaps might be meditating whether he should not murder her; but the temptation passed away, or he thought proper to change his tactics.

"Come, come, old Kate," he said, at length, "this won't do. You and I have been together too long to fall out now. You've seen me do only what a dozen others along the coast have done, and what you'd do yourself if a good chance offered. Here, on the beach, all that comes ashore is ours, and, if the winter's unlucky, we must take our wits to make it more fortunate."

"Ha! ha! old master," said the creature, changing her malicious laugh to one of seemingly unearthly jocularity, "there you're right. I tell only trying your nerves. What! old Kate tell on you. Not for all the fiends below. Besides," she added, and her voice lost some of its harshness, as if a better feeling was struggling to break through her icy heart, "it's all for Margy—all we get—all that falls to your lot, all that I pick up. Sweet child, I wish she would come back—when, did you say, she was to leave Charleston?"

"She was to have come home this winter, but I sent word for her to stay till summer. By that time I shall have left here, and I thought it best, on further consideration, that she shouldn't return to this neighborhood again."

"Oh! ay! I see it now. You will go to Philadelphia or York, as you've told me, and set up for merchant or gentleman. Well—it's best. I can't go; but I'll come sometime and see Margy. She's more like my own child than a stranger. It's best she shouldn't know the folks down here. But ha! look out yonder—the ship will soon be on."

The man turned his look hastily seaward, and saw the tall and gallant ship which he had last beheld but faintly in the offing, now clearly defined against the murky sky, and evidently much closer in than when he before observed her. She had an enormous press of canvass spread, as if too late sensible of her danger; and, with her head to the south-east, was endeavoring to claw off the shore; but, as she rose and fell heavily with the seas, now plunging headlong into the trough of the wave, and now showing her bowsprit up and rising with difficulty after it, her drift to leeward was apparent. The practised gaze of the man and his confederates saw that her doom was sealed, and their eyes met in savage exultation. The wrecker rubbed his hands.

"She's a noble craft and deeply laden; and has the look of an Indiaman, don't you think so, Kate? I said this should be my last winter if I had luck, and I'll keep my word. I've worked hard here to have something to leave Margy, and we'll now enjoy it. Ah! old woman, shan't that be the way?"

"What if Margy should be aboard that ship?"

The man started, and his sun-burnt complexion seemed to become white as ashes for an instant.

"I hope to God she is not," he said fervently. "No—pshaw!" he added impatiently, as if ashamed of his momentary weakness. "You frightened me. What devil possesses you to-night."

"I too hope she isn't," said the woman, appearing not to notice his question. "But the thought came into my head. Wouldn't it be an awful thing, Master Bowen, if she was aboard, and should die with the rest? It would be, if the Bible's right—and I used to think it so when I was young, though I haven't seen or thought of it before for years—it would be, I say, a just punishment to us for bringing so many innocent folk on this coast. You remember the mother frozen to death with the baby at her breast who came on here last winter? It was from the brig you misled with that same lantern."

The face of the father had again become livid, and he gazed with a haggard look on the speaker for a full minute after she ceased. The very suggestion that his child might be on board—impossible as it was that such should be the case—appeared to unnerve his whole frame. He shook with weakness, and was forced to lean against the sand-bank. Once or twice he attempted to speak, but could not, for his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The woman, meantime, stood regarding him, not in exultation, but pity. Indeed her demeanor showed that what she had said was spoken with no malignant feelings, but as if under some irresistible impulse. She now approached him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't take on so, sir," she said, with a touch of almost kindness, certainly of sympathy, in her harsh tones. "I don't know what made me speak as I did; but sure I never thought Margy was aboard—it would drive me mad if she was."

"And me, too, by G—," said the man, with startling energy. "What have I not done to win riches for that child," he said wildly, and as if unconscious that any one heard him, "periled perhaps, my salvation—made myself an outcast on earth if my deeds are discovered—and now to think, if she was in that ship. Oh! God it is too much."

In a minute, however, he was calm. The dark fear passed from him, he stared around vacantly an instant, and then, with his old, grim, exulting smile, said,

"Pshaw! you made a fool of me, you beldame. Margy is safe in Charleston: and this night's work will add a few thousands to her fortune, won't it, old Kate? But come, let us move up the beach toward the hut. You left the men there?"

Our readers, by this time, fully understand the characters we have introduced to them. Even within the last few years the existence on our coast, and within a few miles of a great sea-port, of a gang of wreckers, or land-pirates as they are called in the popular vocabulary, has been established by irrefragible proof; but, at the period of which we write, these wreckers existed in larger numbers, and carried on their nefarious practices with far greater impunity than now. Wealthy men were, at that day, as now, implicated in these transactions, some as receivers of goods from the wrecks, and others as more prominent actors. Among the latter was the man we have chosen to call Bowen. He had been a sea-captain in his youth, and had commanded a privateer, not of the most unexceptionable character, in the revolutionary war. Returning to the land, at the close of the conflict, he had married and settled on the main, directly in the rear of a wild, island beach, separated from the continent, like scores of those scattered along the coast, by a shallow bay interspersed with islets of salt marsh and thoroughfares navigable only for boats of a few tons burden. It was not long before Bowen purchased the beach and erected on it a house, ostensibly for the residence of a man to take care of the oyster beds he planted in the bay. But the number of shipwrecks which occurred on this beach, together with the rapid increase in the owner's wealth led eventually to dark suspicions. It was said that, on stormy nights, false beacons might be seen on Bowen's beach, and that more than once vessels had thus been lured ashore. But these rumors never spread beyond his immediate neighborhood, or reached the ears of justice. Bowen had grown rich and therefore powerful before they arose, and even then, circulating among a people whose morality on this subject was lax, they did him little harm. Besides, most of the fishermen, who could have told any thing on the subject, were, in one way or another, dependent on his favor, and so, for many years, he had gone on unchecked in his career.

It may be asked what induced a man of some education and not wholly penniless to embark in these illegal practices. We can only point to the affection he entertained for his daughter, paradoxical as it may appear at first, to elucidate this otherwise incomprehensible trait. His wife died when her child was but three years old; and the love the bereaved husband soon came to entertain for his motherless offspring, would have seemed incredible, to a superficial observer, when his stern character is taken into consideration. But the feelings, choked up in every other outlet, found vent, with tenfold force, in affection for his child. He loved her with a self-sacrificing passion, which made him disregard every law, human or divine, in order to advance what he thought her interests. He resolved that she should be rich, and accordingly embarked secretly in the practices we have described. At first he only received the goods others obtained; then he engaged personally in the business; and finally, hardening with custom, he adopted means to lure vessels to his net. But he studiously concealed from his daughter his participation in these foul acts. Bad as he was, he did not care that she should know his true character, and accordingly when she approached an age at which it would be impossible to keep uneasy suspicions from her, he sent her to Charleston, ostensibly for the purpose of education, but in reality to remove her from a neighborhood where she might hear, by some untoward accident, of her father's pursuits. His determination was, as he himself said in his conversation on the beach, to remove from his present vicinity into one where his former course of life should be unknown, before recalling his daughter to his household.

We left Bowen and the old woman who attended him, on their way to the hut. The gale blew with such intensity, at times almost prostrating them, that it was with difficulty they made any headway, and a full half hour had elapsed ere they reached the cabin in which their confederates were. By that time the ill-fated ship had drifted in within half a mile of the beach. She was still seen staggering along under a press of sail in the vain attempt to claw off the shore. Even through the gloom of the night, they could behold her white sails lifting and falling against the sky; and mark the flashing foam that went crackling aft from her bows as she thumped against the seas.

"Give us the Nantes," said old Kate, as she pushed open the cabin door, and roused three men who sat smoking and drinking over a scanty fire, "the fish is almost caught—in five minutes she'll strike."

"Ah!" said one of the men as they all started to their feet on recognizing their employer, "we had'nt thought she was so close in. The jug, Mr. Bowen. A fine prize I hope she may be."

"With all my heart; and may there be none to tell tales," he added significantly.

"It's easier to bury the dead," said the man with a coarse laugh, "than to take care of the living. The night's pretty chilly, so I think we need have no fears on that point. But hark! there go her guns."

As he spoke, the report of a cannon, fired close at hand, boomed sullenly by; and at the interval of half a minute, another report broke on the silence, which the party of wreckers had meantime maintained. A savage gleam of exultation might be seen on every face, by the light of the now waning fire, giving them the appearance of fiends rather than of human beings.

The silence continued for the space of nearly five minutes, during which the incessant boom of the signal cannon met their ears at intervals of thirty seconds; but at length the regular period having elapsed without a repetition of the sound, Bowen, who stood nearest the door, laid his hand on the latch, and threw open the entrance, exclaiming, with sudden energy.

"They have struck. Hark!"

As he spoke he rushed out on the beach, followed by the party of wreckers. The wind whirled into the room and put out the fire, then, eddying back, slammed to the door, and could be heard shrieking across the beach, drowning, for the instant, even the noise of the surf. But suddenly a more awful sound was heard rising shrill and high, in the wild accents of despair, over even the howling of the hurricane. It was that cry to which Bowen had called their attention. All held their breath while it swelled up for a instant on the gale, and then, as it passed off to leeward, a silence ensued; for even those hardened listeners were, for the moment, awe-struck by the agonizing shriek of a hundred human beings in despair.

"It is over," at length said Bowen, drawing a long breath, despite his efforts to conceal it, "and now the game's our own."

"Look sharp," said one of the men, after a pause, "isn't that a spar, or something white floating out here. Just in a line with that elder bush—see—the ship, I take it, is that black mass of shadow, occasionally lost in foam, hereaway, seest by so' east from where I stand—now the object I see is a point or two south of that."

"I see it," said Bowen. "It's unlucky if it should be one of the crew. A passenger we dont' so much mind," and he moved toward the surf, followed by the men.

"No violence," said Kate, striding up and laying her hand on Bowen's arm, "mind—I don't feel like it to-night—and that awful shout hasn't yet left my ears."

Bowen shook her off with an oath, but recollecting himself, he said,

"Pshaw! you needn't fear it. But see," and he quickened his pace to a run, "it is a man, and he has touched the strand—but ah! the undertow carries him off—no! he re-appears—he is swept under again—curse him, there he is again, the fellow has the life of dog."

The man, who had been wildly buffeting the surf, now hurled forward toward the beach, and now pushed back into the vortex of the breakers, gained a firm footing with Bowen's words, and after staggering an instant ran swiftly up the beach and stood in safety beyond the reach of the undertow. Here he paused, looking back on the boiling surf, and then on the shadowy wreck in the wild vortex beyond. As he did so he clasped his hands and raised his eyes hurriedly above as if breathing a thanksgiving. One of the wreckers looked at Bowen meaningly and glanced at the man, but the leader shook his head.

"No—I'll have none of that," he said, "let us call up the man, and learn from him what sort of a prize we've got. We can then pretend to him that he is exhausted, give him some brandy, and lock him in the hut as an invalid whether he will or not." With the words Bowen advanced from behind the sand-bank, where, with his party, he had stood concealed. The man turned at the sound of footsteps, and tottered toward them.

"Thank God!" he said, "I have fallen among Christians. I am almost exhausted," and then, as if a sudden pang crost him, he said, "oh! my poor wife and child. Have none of you, good sirs, any means to reach the wreck? They may yet be saved. My darling wife and only child are there. Why did I desert them!" and he turned wildly from one to another of the group.

"Nonsense, man," said Bowen, "they are gone, and there's an end of it. Nothing can save them."

"No—no. They cannot have perished," said the man, eagerly. "Sir, I am rich," and he grasped Bowen's arm, as the latter was turning away, "and I will give you all I am worth if you will save them. You must have a boat nigh—launch her into the surf. The ship 'Queen' is a stout craft, and will hold together these two hours. My wife is in the cabin, for I left her there when I went on deck and was swept overboard. There's a young woman there—but never mind her, unless you can save both."

Bowen wheeled sharp around on the man at these words, and said with a quick, agitated voice,

"What is that? Is yonder ship 'The Queen' of Charleston?"

The man nodded vacantly and again clasped his hands imploringly, as if about to renew his prayer for aid.

"Then in God's name," said Bowen fiercely, continuing his sentence, and he seized the man's shoulder with such sudden energy as to turn him completely around, "who is the young lady aboard?"

The man, startled, for the moment, even out of his anxiety for his wife, by the passionate demeanor of Bowen, gazed in surprise on the speaker, and then stammered,

"A Miss Bowen, I"—but his sentence was cut short, for at that word, the unhappy father uttered a groan, and, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell to the ground.

The delay in the answer had been but a few seconds, not three at the most, but in that short space, what a world of agony and remorse was crowded on the father's heart! The mention of the ship's name, and the intimation that a young lady was on board, awoke a terrible fear in his bosom, for it was in that vessel his daughter had originally intended taking passage. He was certain Margaret was aboard. He felt it because her death by these means would be a terrible retribution. Instantly there rushed on his mind his whole guilty career: he heard again the shrieks of drowning men lured on the sands by his fatal light, he saw the mother and infant lying pale and icy on the wintry beach. To secure wealth for his only child he had done all this, and now she was herself the victim of his crime. To what avail had he loaded his soul with guilt, since she was to be snatched from him almost at the very moment he expected to clasp her in his arms. In that terrible moment he felt the avenging hand of the Almighty. His love for his child had been made the instrument of punishing himself. He gazed breathlessly, with straining eyes and eager face on the speaker, until the fatal words were pronounced which no longer [illegible] his fears, but then he could hold out no longer, the muscles of his face twitched convulsively, he gave a groan that seemed torn from the lowest depths of his heart, staggered, and fell insensible. The speaker stopped and stared around.

"It is his child," said one of the men, pushing aside the rescued passenger, "away with your pitiful prayers."

"Oh! my mistress—my poor mistress—sweet, sweet Margy," said the old women, with touching pathos, her voice losing all its harshness in her grief, "can't you save her, Jim!—or you, Benson? oh! to think of her drowning out there, and we not a quarter of a mile off, safe and sound on dry land," and she wrung her withered hands in hopeless agony.

But nature would not permit the father long to remain insensible, and opening his eyes, he stared an instant wildly around; then, comprehending all, he sprung to his feet, and rushed wildly toward the surf. Two of the men darted after him and seized him, when already knee deep in the undertow. He struggled fiercely, but they bore him back.

"Let me go," he cried, fighting like a maniac for liberty, "I *will* go—my child is drowning, my only child, my darling Margy—I can save her, and I will. Let me go, I say. Off, devils, murderers. Are you fathers? oh! let me go," he continued, his tone changing to one of heart-breaking entreaty. "She is shrieking for me. Oh! God—oh! God, have mercy on me, and spare me my daughter," and again he went off into phrenzied exclamations. "She shall not die. She is there within sound of my voice, and you shan't keep me from her. Let me free," he cried, as, with distorted countenance, he struggled for liberty; and so gigantic was his strength, that the third man had to be called in before he could be restrained.

Even those weather-beaten and depraved men were moved, for, criminal as human nature may become, it rarely grows callous to natural affection.

"Be quiet, sir," said one of the men soothingly, "the man may be wrong. But at any rate nothing can be done for your daughter."

The father, exhausted by his efforts, remained still while the men spoke. But finding no hope held out, he gave a sudden and desperate jerk, which nearly freed himself.

"Give me my liberty," he howled, rather than cried, twisting his body wildly towards the stranded ship, "and don't mock me by saying my daughter can't be saved when you are not lifting a finger for her. I tell you, Benson, if your child was out there," he said, with more coherency, "I would risk my life but I would save her. So I would if you had a daughter on that shoal, Alloways, Oh! have you the hearts of men, or are you fiends? I don't ask you to go with me," continued he, imploringly, finding he could not break loose, and the tears rained down his cheeks as he spoke, "only let *me* go. I'm an old man, and she's my sole daughter. If she dies, I will die too. Oh! give me one arm loose, only one arm. For the love of heaven don't hold me here to see my child die."

"Let him go—get a boat—save my wife and child," said the rescued passenger, venturing to approach the group again, regardless of Kate, who would have held him back.

"Curse the man, can't he hold his tongue," said Benson, turning angrily around, and striking the inopportune pleader a blow that laid him on the earth. "If we can't do any thing for an old comrade, and a sort of captain of ours, does he think we'll try for him."

During this little episode the frantic father had continued his struggles and entreaties, now imprecating the resistance of his keepers, and now beseeching them, in the most moving tones, to grant his prayer. Old Kate, forgetting her own grief, in sympathy for him, approached with tearful eyes.

"Don't take on so, dear master," she said. "Margy may not be aboard, after all. But oh! what do I say!" and she broke off abruptly, wringing her hands, "There is no comfort for you or me, hereafter—none, none."

"No—I have murdered my child," said the father, in wild accents of self-reproach, "she might have been safe if it hadn't been for me and my accursed light. Oh! God of heaven have mercy on me—take not such fearful retribution. It will soon be too late to save her. Give me my freedom while there is hope. There is hope I tell you, Benson. Won't you give me hope? You have served me long," and he clung to the man despairingly, "serve me now in this and I'll go down on my knees to you. See, the waves are breaking over the ship, and in a little while she will be lost forever. Oh! let me try while she lives—give me—"

He paused, arrested as if by some supernatural spell, gasping for breath, and his frame shaking like one in a fit; for at that instant a cry, even more fearful than the shriek which had risen from the ship when she struck, swept by on the gale, and instantaneously the dark shadow, occasionally lost in foam, which the wreckers had noticed on the outer shoal, vanished like a wreath of smoke blown away. The ship, with her living freight, was a prey to the wild waters.

A minute of profound silence ensued. The wreckers stood awe-struck, but at length they turned their eyes curiously on Bowen, for as yet he had not by word or motion given evidence of the effect the catastrophe produced on him. His eyes starting from their sockets were fixed upon the spot where the vessel had been lost, but their expression was stony and vacant, and the muscles of his face were rigid. He stood motionless, his head slightly inclined forward, but his lips were parted, and on them dwelt a frightful smile, half mockery, half mirth. In a moment, he burst into a maniacal laugh. They started back from him.

"He has gone mad," at length said Benson, awed into solemnity.

It was so. The conflict had overthrown his reason.

In the vain hope that his daughter might, by some miracle, reach the shore alive, the wreckers sought her along the coast for hours during the night. The search was useless. Numerous bodies were washed on shore, but no living thing appears to have survived the parting of the ships timbers. When morning dawned, cold and gray, the wreckers went forth from the hut where they had spent the latter portion of the night, and, on reaching the beach, saw a figure clothed in white, lying lifeless on the strand. Her face was turned to the sky. A smile of calm repose dwelt on the features, which, though pale and sharp in death, were still beautiful. The hands were meekly clasped, holding a bible to the bosom. It was the corpse of Margaret Bowen.

They laid her in a still, quiet corner of the old church-yard, where tall pines wailed their mournful music over her, and the sound of a gentle brook was heard day and night. But her erring parent sleeps far away from her side. After years of suffering he found rest in a public burial ground. He died in the P—— Hospital. Happy for his angel daughter that she perished ignorant alike of his crimes and of his retributive fate.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, July 1, 1843.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "THE FALSE HEIR," *gratis*.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bremer's new novel, "THE NEIGHBOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $5 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Preparations on all hands remind us of the rapid approach of the great National Holiday—the FOURTH OF JULY. It will be very generally celebrated by public exercises of commemoration throughout the country; but this formal celebration does not include all the notice which is taken of the day and the occasion. Every grey haired sire who looks upon his children, free and happy—every dutiful child who sees his parents in the down hill of life, at rest under their own vine and fig-tree, feels with more earnestness of appreciation on this day than any other, the high and inestimable value of the political and religious rights and privileges which the American Revolution has secured to the American people. And if these are not embraced and improved to their full extent and capacity, we have still the reflection that freedom of progress is among the other blessings secured to us; that the foundation for the attainment of man's nearest approach to the perfection of political and moral position is firmly laid. The base is broad—and if the structure still fall short of its great and glorious beginning, it is a monition to us that we of this generation are not to be idle. What our fathers secured we are bound in duty to them and to our children to improve and to perpetuate.

The Fourth is very properly made the occasion of high and eloquent eulogy of the Fathers of the Country. So far as this goes, it is proper and commendable; but to maintain our consistency we are bound to go farther still, and *act* a practical eulogy, as well as to listen to oral ones, or to utter and indite them. If we are content with mere words upon such a theme, then did the heroes and statesmen of the perilous time bleed and toil in vain. If our great privileges are unimproved, then was the purchase of our freedom an useless sacrifice on the part of those whom with our lips we elevate. A nation without political privileges is precisely as well conditioned, as one in which the fairest, the freest, the greatest boon on earth is dominant and rejected. Those who *cannot* be free are blameless if they know not the freeman's virtues—those who nominally *are* free, are worse than slaves, if they permit their own sloth, their passions, or their luxuries to be their own worst taskmasters.

It is noticeable and has been we presume for half a century, (though our experience does not run back so far by a year or two) that the young folks are the most enthusiastic observers of this holiday. This is natural, and in perfect parity with their demeanor toward all other pleasant things. They are taking *life* at its first blush—and all pleasure with them is "sparkling and bright," and unalloyed with the bitter sediment which is found as they drink deeper. It is fitting that youth should dream of a promise of Utopia which age will break to them—it is well that the ardent imagination of the young and unsophisticated should count on all that the *theory* of our institutions promises. For such anticipations in boys can hardly fail to do something toward producing in men, the realisation. There—if you don't understand what we mean, wait till next year, and we'll say it all over again, or something very like it.

A great deal of remark has been made of the universal prevalence of influenza,—the *greppe* as the French call it, and the "Tyler Grip" and "Flying Nancy," as some of the dealers in slang compounds have styled it. Where the attack is light, it will perhaps answer to joke about the matter; and there is a little tendency to amusement in watching the impartial manner in which the disease has served up all sorts of people, in all sorts of places. Go where you will, you meet strange countenances in the place of accustomed ones, the old incumbents having stepped aside to cough and put substitutes in their places. Your omnibus driver is away nursing his ailment, and strange hands have hold of the ribbons, while a new cab-boy bothers you with his lack of knowledge of your stopping place, into which, at infinite pains, the regular lad had been carefully inducted. The milk man and the milkman's horse, the baker and the baker's boy, the market men, butchers, and huckster women, all are suffering with influenza. Mechanic and merchant, the judge, and the lawyer, the parson and his clerk, the doctor and the apothecary, all are of a tale; and even our "familiar" has taken furlough on sick leave, and the editorial, "we," would themselves be sick if "they" had time. With this singular universality and prevalence, however, it is a cheerful circumstance to add, that annoyance and not fatality attends. In cases where, already "the golden bowl is broken," the disease removes those whom it finds predisposed to dissolution; but the number of deaths from influenza bears no proportion to the number of cases. If the reverse were the case, no epidemic could be more deadly than this would prove.

The Presidential journey has been abruptly terminated by a melancholy event, with which our readers are of course already acquainted, and Mr. Tyler and suite have passed silently back to his residence in Washington. In reference to this event we cannot but copy the following paragraph from the Boston Democrat:—

> "The recent festivities are now looked upon as things of little worth, for Death, the mighty conqueror, has appeared in the midst of festivity and rejoicing, and stricken down one of the high men of the nation. The impressive lesson, 'be ye also ready,' is sent home to the hearts of all, by this sudden dispensation, and the littleness of earthly things most strikingly illustrated. The President and family are in deep grief at the sad occurrence, for the deceased was a personal friend of his Excellency, and an intimate associate with the members of the Cabinet. Even the hunters in quest of office are appalled, and for a moment pause upon their hound-like course, for they snuff the taint of death upon the breeze. May they improve this occurrence for their good—may they realize that grovelling ambition, with its base intrigues and low deceptions, though successful for the moment, will leave its victims wrung with the pangs of remorse, and unrespected, whether in the place of power or the narrow confines of the coffin!"

Having concluded the story of Jonas Smiley, in this day's paper, we shall next week commence another original tale, by another hand. Meanwhile, as Ezekiel Jones has given his story the old and orthodox conclusion of rewarding the good, and punishing the bad, the reader of fiction may rejoice with the bridal party, until the next story draws his attention to new characters. In honor of the approaching anniversary, it will be noticed that we have prepared appropriate matter; not the least interesting of which will be found under this day's notices of the dead. The actors in the great events of the last century are fast passing from among us.

THE LATE MR LEGARE.

In our last, we briefly announced the death of HUGH SWINTON LEGARE, Attorney General of the United States, at Boston. His remains were, on Wednesday of last week, temporarily committed to the tomb in Trinity Church, from whence they will be removed to Charleston, S. C. Funeral services were performed, and a remarkably beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of the deceased, by the Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn. The church was filled with a large congregation, including the President, and most of the distinguished strangers then present in Boston. The bar of that city, and of all the principal cities in the United States, so far as the intelligence of the death has gone, have passed appropriate resolutions; and the Departments of the General Government have taken the usual means of honoring the distinguished dead.

Mr. Legare, was born in South Carolina; on his father's side, a direct descendant from the Huguenots, who fled from France. His mother was a Scotch lady, of the ancient family of Swinton. When the doctrine of nullification found considerable favor with the people of South Carolina, he joined the union, or opposite party. He afterwards received the appointment of Charge to Belgium from General Jackson; and upon his return he was elected to Congress. He had always exhibited a strong predilection for the study of the law as a science, and his profound knowledge of the civil law pointed him out as one admirably qualified for the office of Attorney General, which he held at the time of his death, while he was also charged with the duties of Secretary of State, pro tem. In his private relations he was dearly loved,—and the Bostonians, among whom he died, have testified as much grief at the event, as if the deceased had been one of the sons of their own State.

Mr. Legare suffered occasionally severe pain in the early stages of his complaint, but, for the last thirty six hours, though frequently incommoded, he could be said to *suffer* more than once or twice, and then only for a few moments. Through the last night and through even his last moments, he was easy and tranquil; and from first to last, his mind was clear, firm, and perfectly composed. He more than once thanked God, that having left Washington with great reluctance, he was dying in the mere performance of his public duties; but he evidently felt no regrets, except when speaking of a much loved sister,—the only remaining member of his immediate family, to whom he had always been most tenderly attached. His last words,—a few moments before his death, and after his external senses had partly failed,—were of her. But so tranquil was the closing scene, that the friend in whose arms he rested, was not conscious that his spirit had passed, until the attendant physician made it known to him. On a *post mortem* examination, it was ascertained that death was occasioned by an internal strangulation, arising from the twisting of the intestine upon itself, at the sigmoid flexure. His disease, therefore, was one which precluded all hope of the successful application of the remedies.

REPEAL.

On every hand we find demonstrations making in this country in favor of a repeal of the Legislative union between England and Ireland. Large meetings have been held in principal cities, from Philadelphia North and West, and the larger towns are also beginning to add their testimony. Nor do these movements appear to be confined wholly to Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen. Many citizens of the United States, with a natural sympathy for the oppressed, have participated in the movement. The son of the President of the United States has spoken in several of the Repeal meetings; and Mr. Tyler himself, when invited to attend a repeal meeting in New York, declined, but in such terms that his letter is printed as a document worthy of preservation by the repealers.

What will be the result of this agitation? Many intelligent men are firmly of opinion that it must end in blood; others, and with these latter we coincide, apprehend no such violent termination to the present struggle. If we are to take the Dublin Freeman's Journal as one organ of the leaders of the Repeal movement, in it will be observed that no "physical force" measures. The tongue and the pen are to be *their* only weapons of warfare in this great battle for Liberty and Freedom, whatever may be those employed by the British Government. The Journal says:—

> The Tory Ministry will fail in their efforts. Their object is, plainly, first to disarm and then to goad to insurrection. They will fail. We will obey the law—we will adhere to the constitution—we will commit no outrage—nay, if they dare us to the field, we will decline while the Constitution remains intact—yet, despite the power of England and her Irish garrison, we will have Ireland for the Irish and the Irish for Ireland. England may deprive the nationalists of their arms, at least such of them as she can discover—yet will the Irish have Ireland.
>
> England may fill our towns and villages with soldiery; with them the Irish people will have no contest, no strife, save in acts of good will and hospitality. She may blockade our ports with her fleets, and crowd our rivers with armed steamers, yet there will be peace—universal peace must reign throughout the land. There will be no civil war. Peel will seek it in vain. There shall be no strife, no bloodshed, no commotion—yet Ireland shall be for the Irish and the Irish *shall* have Ireland!"

God grant them so happy an issue—that "Ireland may have her own again" without bloodshed, and without anarchy. By physical force it is impossible that Ireland can wrest what she asks from the English government; but we hope that a bloodless revolution may be effected. Once getting the sympathy of the English people, the battle would be won; or at least such a compromise of the dispute might be effected as would restore peace, and prepare things for farther changes.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETO.

We mentioned, in brief last week, that Gov. Porter had vetoed the bill to sell the main line of the public works, from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, the act being entitled "an Act authorizing the incorporation of the Pennsylvania Canal and Railroad Company from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh." The reasons in brief are, first, that the 23d section, which provides the mode for repealing or forfeiting the charter of the company in case of any violation of it, gives a perfect immunity to the company for any infraction of its charter, as it allows it to enjoy and possess all its rights, privileges and franchises, as if said judgment of forfeiture had not been pronounced, until the Commonwealth pays to the Company the par value of its stock, $16,000,000. The payment, the Governor says, would be a moral impossibility, and would be a temptation to the Company to violate its charter to make the State pay the par value of the stock, which was bought and subscribed at less than fifty per cent. of its nominal value by the stockholders; secondly, the measure is impolitic and unwise, and though he signed a bill substantially the same for the creation of the Delaware Canal Company, yet he did it more in accordance with the wish of the people, announced through the Legislature, than from any conviction that it would be to the public interest. He still thinks that the works would be liable to fall into the hands of foreign capitalists, and become private monopolies. The income from them this year will greatly exceed last year, and there is every reason for confidence and hope in the future value of these improvements. If they are sold, he says, that if, instead of confining the Commissioners to taking subscriptions of stock on the terms mentioned, they were allowed to sell the stock at public auction to the highest and best bidders, in amounts to suit purchasers, an advance would probably be realized beyond the simple subscription. The Governor thinks the subject is one of importance enough to be made a test in the election of representatives.

BOUND OVER.

Dr. M'Clenachan, keeper of the Spring Mill Tavern, in Lower Merion township, together with his brother, have been arrested to answer to the charge of making a most violent assault on the Rev. Samuel Aaron, of Norristown. In a lecture on temperance delivered at Lower Merion on the 18th of June, Mr. Aaron, had alluded to McClenachan and his house, M'Clenachan and his brother, the one armed with a pistol and cowhide, the other with a dirk and a cane, proceeded to Mr. Aaron's school, where having found him they proceeded to beat him most terribly. They surrendered themselves, and were bound over to appear at court to answer in the sum of $6000. At a large temperance meeting in this city, and at several meetings of Temperance Societies, here and elsewhere, sympathy has been expressed for Mr. Aaron, and the strongest condemnation given to the act of his assailant.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

In the Journal of Commerce, we find an account of the loss of an American vessel, and of the noble conduct of Capt. Coulin, of the French brig Furet. The Furet, when in the neighborhood of the Canary Islands, on the third of April last, fell in with the American brig Turner, Captain Blanchard, bound from Portland to Madeira, with a cargo of lumber, upset, and drifting between wind and water. On the wreck were eight unfortunate men, struggling with the billows, and disputing with death, their bodies exhausted by suffering. The sea was so high, that any attempt to board the disabled hulk in a boat must have been attended with serious danger of a collision, that would inevitably result in the destruction of those who made it. The brave Captain Coulin was not, however, deterred from his humane purpose. He succeeded in boarding the wreck and conveying the sufferers to his own vessel, and in ten days after landed them at Gibraltar.

These eight men had been in that desperate situation for forty-six days, during which time they had nothing to appease their hunger but a few barrels of bacon, saved at the moment of the catastrophe. They depended for water upon the rain, which fortunately fell copiously at that period, and collected in a corner of the vessel. Happily they had not hunger to contend with. The anguish they endured, in impotent strife with the elements,—which for a month and a half tossed their frail wreck to and fro without ceasing, and threatened every moment to terminate their lives—and from bodily weariness and the discouragement that ensued upon those long days of unavailing effort, must have been almost insupportable.

We find also the statement of the loss of a schooner with eight persons. The schooner Emerald, from Norfolk, for Eastport, was capsized on the 30th ult., off Gay Head, and the following persons drowned, viz: James Anderson and Henry Marden, owners; John Brown, William Fletcher, and James Melcher, passengers; William N. Kennedy, mate; Jacob Brown, Henry Cole, and James Fisher, seamen. Capt. Allen and the cook were saved, and were taken off by a British vessel, and taken to St. Johns, N. B., and the former has since arrived at Portland. The above is from the Portland Argus, which states further that the schooner sailed from Norfolk, May 3, which would give her a passage of 27 days to Montaug.

REV. T. MATHEW.

The Pennsylvania Catholic Total Abstinence Society of this city have received a letter from this Apostle of Temperance, (which we give below) in effect that he will not be able to visit this country until next year. The reading of the Rev. gentleman's letter, will form a part of the exercises at the Chinese Museum on the Fourth.

CORK, June 1, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The period of my enjoying the privilege of making a personal acquaintance with my beloved brethren, the teetotallers of the United States, is more distant than I could wish.

I cannot leave Ireland for that purpose earlier than next spring; but time flies quick, and I rejoice in the rumor that has reached you of my intended visit, as it has procured for me, through you, a heart-cheering, affectionate invitation from the Freemen's Vigilant Total Abstinence Society of the city of Washington.

I shall ever cherish a grateful remembrance of this honor, and would to God, for the sake of the sacred cause, that I was worthy of it.

Amidst the difficulties which must necessarily accompany such a mission as mine, it is consoling to receive such a communication as that with which you have so courteously favored me. Convinced I am that it is not he that plants, or he that waters, but the Lord gives the increase; that the success of the great temperance movement is the work of the right hand of the Most High, and is admirable in our eyes; yet it would be gross affectation in me to assert that I was not refreshed and comforted by your very laudatory letter.

As Dr. Sewall has not yet arrived in Ireland, I have not received the letter to which you have alluded.

Present my grateful thanks to the members of the Freemen's Vigilant Total Abstinence Society of the city of Washington, and tell them how I appreciate their approbation of my humble labors in the sacred cause of teetotalism.

With fervent prayers for your happiness, I am, dear Mr. Cunningham, yours most sincerely,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

To A. F. CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

TERRIBLE DESTITUTION.

The mockery of misery by artificial port regulations, is painfully set forth in a letter from Port Mahon, dated April 21st. On that day the poor of the town (they form nearly a third of the entire population) were assembled at dawn. The greater number blocked up the quay of customs, while others were swimming in the basin of the port, or were moving about in boats, of which they had taken forcible possession. Towards eight o'clock the squadron of the United States, which had been here for a fortnight, and particularly two transports belonging to it, threw into the sea an immense quantity of old biscuit. The poor who were swimming and in boats picked them up, and some of them, so great was their hunger, ate them at the time, although saturated with sea water.

Soon afterwards the commandant of the fort came up with a considerable force and compelled the poor to retire to the interior of the town, which they did uttering imprecations against the director of the customs. The cause of this scene was as follows: The American squadron having to renew its provision of biscuit, the commandant proposed to the municipality to offer it as a gift to the indigent. The offer was accepted, and the director of the customs was applied to for permission to land the stale biscuit free of duty. This was refused, and the commandant of the squadron, wishing to clear out his biscuit this morning, threw it into the sea, as has been stated. It was truly painful to see persons of all ages, and of both sexes, struggling in the water to catch a mouldy biscuit, and devouring it at once.

PENNSYLVANIA BIBLE SOCIETY.

From the annual report of this institution, we gather the following interesting facts. They are of a nature to call attention and aid to the great and excellent purposes of the Society. There are now thirty thousand families in Pennsylvania who have no copy of the Bible,—a singular fact which sufficiently proves how large is yet the field in our State for exertion, which has engaged the earnest attention of Protestant christians for a quarter of a century. The want of the Bible is greater in some counties than in others. In Warren county, one family in six are without it; in Potter and McKean one in five; in Clearfield one in four. In other districts half the population are destitute.

The labors of the society have been very great, and proportionably successful in distributing the Scriptures among the classes requiring them. During the past year 8787 Bibles and 14,001 Testaments, a total of 22,788 have been distributed. They were in ten different modern languages. The accounts of the Treasurer, Joseph H. Dulles, Esq. show the balance in the Treasurer's hands on the 3d of May, 1842, to have been $3409 65. Inclusive of this sum there were received in the treasury during the year $10,833 63. Balance in the Treasurer's hands May 3, 1843, $2888 25.

A VETERAN.

Capt. Gideon Foster, of Danvers, Mass., now aged XCVII., was expected to be present at the celebration on Bunker's Hill, but was unable, with safety to undertake the exertion. He was in the battle of Lexington as well as that of Bunker Hill. From a letter addressed by Capt. Foster to the Committee of Arrangements we make the following interesting extract:

> "I was occupied with my men in transporting and delivering powder and ball to those engaged in battle on Breed's Hill in Charlestown. We received the powder in casks, and delivered it freely with our *hands and our dippers*, to their *horns*, their *pockets*, their *hats*, and *whatever else* they had that would hold it, *without weight, measure or wrappers*, to all who needed. I well remember the blackened appearance of those busy in this work—not unlike those engaged in the delivery of coal on a hot summer's day. At the same time we were thus occupied, the enemy's shot were constantly whistling by; but we had no time to examine their theory or dimensions."

The first report of the first blood shed at Lexington, appears to have been made to Dr. Franklin by one of the very men who were at the celebration on Saturday, viz: Levi Harrington. The document was found by the Troy Whig among the papers of the Provincial Congress.

THE MINISTER TO MEXICO.

Gen. Waddy Thompson appears to have become quite a favorite with the Mexicans. In the "*Diario del Gobierno de la Republica Mexicana*," is a paragraph contrasting his official course with the government with that of the Ministers of other powers. His conduct is represented as having been uniformly frank and conciliatory, most respectful to the country and its government, and never marked by the insolent and its haughty tone that others have assumed. He is represented as perfectly comprehending the mutual interests of Mexico and the United States, and fully appreciating the importance of maintaining friendly relations between them. This is precisely the reverse of what was predicted by some of the politicians.

USEFUL INVENTION.

In the Journal of Commerce we find an account of a newly invented steering apparatus, placed on board the ship Victoria, just launched. We subjoin the description:

It consists of a strong iron frame, placed upon the rudder head; attached to which frame, and lying fore and aft and upon its flat side, is a common coach or eliptic spring; an upright iron spindle (having two wedges or shoulders, of the width of the spring, projecting from its sides) is then inserted between the jaws of the spring and through the plate into the rudder head. Upon the top of the spindle and projecting aft, is an iron quadrant, having cogs upon its aftermost side. These connect with a plate upon the axle of the wheel, on which is a never-ending screw; the wheel thereby acting by the quadrant immediately upon the spindle, which again, by means of the projecting wedges, acts upon the spring placed upon the rudder head,—thus turning the rudder in either direction. The advantages of this method of steering over all other now in use, are as follows:—1. No strain upon the rudder, however great or sudden can turn the wheel. 2. There can be no parting of steering gear by a sea suddenly striking the rudder. 3. The helm can be shifted in much less time than by any other method. 4. The wheel can be as easily thrown hard down, or up, when the ship is under full way, as when lying at her moorings along side the wharf.

YUCATAN.

The latest advices from Yucatan, are to the effect that the war has been brought to a close. The treaty, if any has been made, has not been promulgated, but the Mexican troops had evacuated the eminence near Campeachy, and were to leave Sisal and Telchac as soon as they could procure transports to convey them to Laguna or Tampico. They tried to get the schrs. Dover, Cottage, Magnate and Frederick, but failed. The Yucateese had retired from their forts, and dismantled their guns. We have, as yet, no definite intelligence relative to the movements of Com. Moore. It will be awkward for him to go back without the freight of bags which he promised himself.

Later dates state, that the Yellow Fever was making dreadful ravages at Vera Cruz, and at Meuda, Commodore Moore was still at Campeachy, where his vessels were undergoing repairs, having put in there in a sinking condition. He will be compelled to remain there some time before he can get ready for sea. The Mexican troops were still in the neighborhood. They had made no new movements whatever. Sickness was destroying a great many of them.

EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

The Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled at Boston on Wednesday week. There were present the Rt. Rev. Bishops B. T. Onderdonk, Ives, Doane, Kemper, Whittingham, Lee and Eastburn, with a large number of clerical and lay members. The Bishop of New York, the senior Bishop present, took the chair, and the Rev. P. Van Pelt was re-elected Secretary. The Rev. Mr. Harris read the report of the domestic committee, from which it appeared that the engagements for the past year had all been met. Over $13,000 were collected on Quinquagesima Sunday, for this department of missions. The report recommended, among other things, that an Indian diocese should be constituted. There are ninety-four missionaries, and one hundred and eighty mission stations in the domestic department.

The convention took the preliminary steps for the erection of a mural tablet to the memory of the late Bishop Griswold. The tablet will be set up in Trinity church, Boston.

TRULY ABSURD.

Readers of newspapers find much to excite their risibles, in the queer vagaries not only of editors, but of those who, by the advertising privilege get into print. A Mr. Pennington, in Baltimore, having announced himself ready to go to England with Mr. Æronaut Wise, in his balloon, further adds his opinion: "that it is only necessary to ascend in the balloon above the current of air, where they will remain stationary until the earth revolves round and Europe comes under them, when the party will descend to the ground." This is absurd enough; but it is rather more so to find a contemporary calculating how long it would take for England to come round, the highflyers having gone above the earth's atmosphere, or to such a rare part of it, as to hang in space, independent of the earth! The man in a state of elevation who stood still for his bed to swing round him, was not nearer the moon than those folks, editors, æronauts, and all. The thing is too distressingly ridiculous to waste words upon.

THE MACKENZIE CASE.

It was stated in several of the newspapers some time since that, although the decision of the Court Martial in Captain Mackenzie's case was technically in favor of acquittal, a majority of the members, viz. seven out of twelve, were of opinion that the charges, or some of them, had been proved. The Journal of Commerce, in which the statement first appeared, was prosecuted for libel, the object of the prosecution being more to ascertain the fact of the vote than anything else. The case came before the Supreme Court on the 30th of May last; Capt. McKeever, one of the members of the Court, was examined. His testimony proves that the information upon which the statement of the vote was founded was erroneous,—the vote of the Court being nine in Captain Mackenzie's favor, to three against him, on all the charges; and on the first charge, the three voted that it was was proven in the second degree only. We hope that this statement, authentic as it is, will now put the subject at rest.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

Elections have already been held in ten States, for members of the next House of Representatives. An election for four members was held in Massachusetts, on Monday. The remaining States hold their elections as follows:—

Louisiana, first Monday in July,	4
North Carolina, first Monday in August,	9
Alabama, first Monday in August,	7
Mississippi, first Monday in August,	4
Kentucky, first Monday in August,	10
Indiana, first Monday in August,	10
Illinois, first Monday in August,	7
Tennessee, first Thursday in August,	11
Vermont, first Tuesday in September,	4
Maine, second Tuesday in September,	7
Maryland, first Monday in October,	6
Michigan, first Monday in October,	3
New Jersey, second Tuesday in October,	5
Pennsylvania, second Tuesday in October	24
Ohio, second Tuesday in October,	21
Rhode Island, undetermined,	2
	134—

RATHER PLEASANT.

The New York True Sun relates an instance of good fortune to a lady who has been living in rather reduced circumstances, bringing up a son and daughter, and her husband absent and nothing heard of him for eight years. It appears, however, that the family had relatives in Ireland, and within a few days a copy of a will has been received, made by the grandfather of the children mentioned, by which it appears that large landed estates in Ireland, money in the funds, and other properties, producing $25,000 yearly, have been devised to the boy, now only eleven years of age. By the testator's direction, he is to be educated and provided for handsomely until he attains the age of twenty-five years, and then he is to enter upon the possession of his property. The lad, to whom this fine inheritance has descended, is the grandson of a colonel in the British army, and the great grandson of an Irish peer, of all which facts, until recently, he was ignorant.

THE OREGON.

A convention assembles in Cincinnati on Monday next, to sit three days, and discuss questions connected with the settlement of Oregon. Mr. E. D. Mansfield, the able editor of the Chronicle, will read a history of Mr. Monroe's declaration in 1823 that the American Continents were not thenceforth to be considered future subjects of European Colonization, with an Essay on the grounds and proper limitations of this principle. Dr. McGuire is to present a discourse on the value, extent and probable destiny of Oregon, and Gen. Worthington will read a paper on the general influence of the settlement and civilization of the Pacific border. Several able jurists and statesmen will lend their assistance in compiling a history of our most important relations and negociations with Great Britain since the Peace of 1783—of their present situation—probable tendency, and apprehended consequences.

WOOD UP!

We did not know that carrier pigeons usually stopped at houses to refresh on their journies; but such would appear sometimes to be their wont. One alighted at the house of the Hon. Wm. Barrell, in Canaan, Connecticut, on Saturday afternoon, 17th inst., giving signs of hunger and fatigue. Judge B. brought out some wheat to his winged visitor, which it very greedily ate from his hand. While the pigeon was eating, its legs were noticed to be wrapped with paper; and on removing the bandages, they were found to contain Mr. Webster's oration, delivered at the Bunker Hill celebration, written on two sheets of tissue paper. The Judge had the pleasure of reading the speech while the bird was satisfying its hunger and regaining its strength, and then replacing the tissue boots of the faithful airy messenger, it took a rapid flight to the west.

NICHOLL'S DEFALCATION.

Our readers will recollect that last winter a deficiency was discovered in the accounts of Nicholl, the Cashier of the New York Life and Trust Company. The Report of the Chancellor of New York, shows that the actual defalcation of Nicholl amounts to $349,769 19, which will cause, with a liberal allowance for every possible contingency, an actual depreciation of the capital of the company of $113,199. The examination into the affairs of the Company, was conducted in the most rigid manner by Sam. M. Woodruff, Esq., Injunction Master; Ex-Governor Marcy, and Ex-Chief Justice Savage. And it is but just to add, that the conclusions arrived at, after patient search, in the fullest manner, exonerate the officers of the institution from blame, and place the cause of the whole of the difficulties at the feet of Mr. Nicholl.

TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION.

Among the other observances of the Fourth inst. in this city and county, we observe that the Catholic Temperance Societies will notice the day by a grand procession, after which an oration will be delivered before them at the Museum. The following is the order of the route: The line will be formed at 8 o'clock A. M., on Broad street, the right on Chesnut, countermarch up Broad to Race, up Race to Schuylkill Fifth, up Schuylkill Fifth to Callowhill, up Callowhill to Schuylkill Front, down Schuylkill Front to Spruce, down Spruce to Delaware Second, up Second to Dock, up Dock to Third, up Third to Chesnut, up Chesnut to Ninth, and down Ninth to the Museum. The orator will be W. G. Reed, L. L. D.

GREAT FIRE.

We learn from the Montreal (Canada) Herald, that the village of Boucherville, about ten miles from Montreal, and which contained a population of over one thousand souls, has completely been destroyed by fire. The village was built along the right bank of the St. Lawrence, fronting the river for about a mile, and four principal streets ran back to the rear. There may have been about two hundred houses, most of which were of stone, and many of them two stories high, with barns, stables, and outhouses. It formed no mean collection of buildings, and had many wealthy families among its inhabitants. The fire is believed to have originated from a spark from the steamboat Chambly, on her way to Varennes.

MUTINY.

The New Bedford Mercury, furnishes a few particulars in relation to a mutiny on board the Sharon, of Fairhaven, from which it appears she had lost eleven of her men at the Ocean and Ascension Islands, and took some natives on board in place of them, but they did not prove good men, and Capt. Norris intented to go to Port Jackson for others. While the boats were out in pursuit of whales, the natives who were left on board mutinied and killed the captain, upon which the signals of the ship were raised half mast, and on being discovered by the men in the boats they returned to the ship and after a struggle with the natives, and killing two of them, succeeded in gaining possession of the vessel.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

The York Court of Errors has affirmed the common law in relation to common carriers, *viz.* that steamboat and railroad companies *are* responsible for goods put on board their conveyances. The case was Tobey *vs* Vanderbelt, and the following are the points decided:

1. That all common carriers are responsible for goods put on board of vessels or conveyances, without reference or respect to any notice that they may give that they will not be held thus responsible.

2. That a notice on the part of the owners of any steamboat or conveyance that they will not be accountable unless a receipt is taken, does not exonerate them from responsibility.

ELASTIC.

We are glad to find the citizens of Tallahassee resisting depression, and making efforts to set themselves right again. The Floridian says:—"Although the business part of our city is a heap of ruins, yet our citizens, undismayed by their losses, have gone to work apparently in good spirits, to make arrangements for future business. The City Council have passed an ordinance prohibiting the erection of any but brick edifices on the lots in the burnt district, and, in consequence, those who cannot make immediate arrangements to build permanently, have erected temporary buildings on the two hundred feet street and on the public squares, to be removed at the pleasure of the Council.

ROBBERY AND ARREST.

The Salem (N. J.) Standard, states that on Tuesday evening last, Thomas H. Robbins, while returning to his home in Sculltown, in a one horse sulky, was stopped by some men, and by a violent blow knocked suddenly senseless to the earth; while in this state he was rifled of between $200 and $300, with which the villains made off in the sulky, which they finally left on the road about half a mile from Sculltown. As soon as he recovered his senses, Mr. Robbins made his way to a neighboring house and gave the alarm:—search was instituted which finally resulted in the arrest and committal to jail of two men named Amariah Titus and Lawrence Headley, of Gloucester county.

VERY INDECOROUS.

We find the following paragraph in a paper published in the District of Columbia. When we consider that Mr. Tyler was returning home afflicted with the loss of a dear friend, by death, we could have fancied that the courtesy due to him as a man in sorrow, would have prevented such a squib as this—even if what was due to him as President of the Republic were forgotten:—

> "The Captain arrived here yesterday, Friday, a little after 11 o'clock, accompanied by his suite. There was neither pomp or circumstance attendant upon his coming. He rode immediately to the White House and took a Monongahela julep. He looked very poorly."

REMONSTRANCE.

One hundred and sixty-five Dutch firms in Amsterdam, have presented a remonstrance to our Charge d'Affaires at the Hague, against "American repudiation." The paper is couched in more temperate language than some such documents have shown. A few years will set this matter all right; much misunderstood as it is at present. The only "repudiation" ever seriously contemplated, we believe, has been a disavowal of the acts of knavish "Fiscal Agents;" and even in such cases, we trust, the axiom will not be forgotten, that the principal is bound by his agent.

ARRESTED.

We mentioned, a week or two since, that a messenger had been sent from Scotland to arrest a woman, charged with the murder of her husband, upon her arrival in this country. She came to New York last week, and was taken into custody before she landed. Her case stands postponed till Saturday (this day.) Meanwhile she is, or has assumed the appearance of one silly or crazy, and her counsel will raise a question on this point. It is generally deemed however, a question belonging to the final tribunal, and not to the preliminary examinations.

BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

There is to be in Baltimore, on the Fourth, a Floral Procession of the children of the Home Mission School, now under the care of the Rev. C. H. A. Dall. Several hundred beautiful moss flower baskets, filled with natural flowers, and suspended from rods, will be carried by the children through some of the principal streets to their flower market, to be held in the neighborhood of the Washington Monument, where the baskets and flowers will be offered for sale for the benefit of the mission and school. May the sale thrice repay their pains!

SHORT AND LUCKY.

The Boston Advertiser says:—"The schooner Cordelia, Capt. Ebenezer Cook, of Provincetown, a few days since, when twenty hours out on a whaling cruise, Nantucket bearing W. by N. 35 miles, captured a very large right whale, and after saving 120 bbls of oil, and $100 worth of bone, cut adrift and sailed for home, accomplishing a very short but profitable voyage, having been absent but four days! This whale is the largest that has ever been caught from Provincetown, and is supposed to be the largest ever seen upon our coast.

CITY CELEBRATIONS.

Besides the notices of proposed celebrations of the 4th inst, mentioned in other places in this paper, it is proper to state that gentlemen of different political parties, and of various societies, have made arrangements for drawing men of the same faith and association together. Without any mass celebration, the day will be observed in this city by a very large number of citizens; and very many will seek cool and pleasant retreats without the limits. Joy to them all, and to every body!

CARBON COUNTY.

The Commissioners appointed by the Governor, in accordance with the Act of the last session erecting the county of Carbon, out of parts of Northampton and Monroe, have fixed on Mauch Chunk as the Seat of Justice for the new county.

A HOME THRUST.

The congregation of a church, in Maine, a few years ago, in town meeting, proposed to increase the salary of their old and faithful minister to an amount corresponding with the increased expenses of living and the increased wealth of the society. The motion was in a fair way of passing, when, to the surprise of every one, the old gentleman rose and begged his friends not to vote a larger sum for him. On being pressed for the reason, he declared that he was opposed to voting any more money, because *it was so difficult to get what had formerly been voted!* The people were set into a roar of laughter, the increase was voted, and, what was better, *promptly paid.*

CANADA.

The Montreal Herald states its opinion that though outwardly all seems peaceable, mischief is brewing rapidly in Canada. That paper avers that meetings are frequently held in Montreal which are largely attended by French Canadians, and secret societies having for their object the dismemberment of Canada from the Mother country prevail throughout the French districts. It is said also that irregular bodies of cavalry and infantry have been seen manoeuvring, &c. &c. This is probably all only the poetic imagining of the editor.

CURIOUS FACT.

For several days the Artesian well of Grenelle has thrown up small black fishes, which have no apparent eyes. This phenomenon was observed last year at the same period. The Academy of Sciences has ordered a report to be made on that extraordinary fact. If this be true, and we doubt it not, it affords a new illustration of the economy of nature, and the wisdom of the Creator. Eyes, to subterranean fishes would be of no service. We find this, and indeed all other organs, adapted to the habits and situation of the animal.

OUTRAGE.

The Brigantine Robert, Capt. Cook, of New York, just arrived from Africa, brings a statement of exceedingly harsh ill usage by the Collector of Sierra Leone. The injury consisted not only in an illegal detention of the vessel, as is shown by the fact of her subsequent release, but in an assault on the captain, by the collector, and imprisonment in a filthy dungeon. On the other hand, the captain and mate were charged with an assault on the collector, and fined £5 each, by the Sierra Leone police.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

A private examination of the High School has been held this week, conducted by gentlemen not connected with it. The names of the gentlemen conducting the examination, were published in this paper of last week. The result of this examination will be exhibited when the usual public examination takes place, at the close of the term. That they will be highly honourable to the school, no one who knows the excellent manner in which it is conducted can doubt.

QUIZ.

The New York True Sun of Saturday says:—"A new daily paper is to be started in this city, to be managed by ladies who have sufficient capital to sustain the attempt. A very sweet lady, whose first name is Catharine, is said to be the main spring of the machinery." Of course this announcement must be a joke, for it is impossible to imagine any ladies who have arrived at years of discretion, capable of such nonsense. It is quite enough that men should burn their fingers in this way.

BOSTON BOOK SALE.

The Boston annual trade sale of books, closed on Friday week, the amount of sales having been very large, and the books having brought good prices. The sale lasted four days, and the attendance of purchasers was numerous the whole time. We are inclined to the belief that the appetite for reading which has been stimulated by the immense sales of cheap publications, will result in a revival of the demand for good books, substantially bound, and printed with a view of preservation.

DOUBTFUL.

A vessel at New York brings a report that on the 17th of June the captain of the British packet schr. Nonpariel from Nassau, N. Providence, reported to Mr. Bethel, merchant at Governor Key, Eleuthera, that a British man of war brig, of 18 guns, had an engagement with a pitatical barque, during which the brig was sunk and all hands lost. This engagement was seen by several of the crews of small drogers who were passing at the time. Very doubtful.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The committee on exhibitions of the Franklin Institute announce to the public that they will hold an exhibition of American Manufactures under the direction of the Institute, in the city of Philadelphia, commencing on Tuesday the 17th of October, and to continue until the 28th. To this proposed exhibition the committee especially invite the attention of our mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, and dealers in American fabrics.

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.

At the book store of Mr. George, in Fifth street above Chestnut, there may be seen for a short time a model of the building proposed to be erected by the Vestry of the Advent Church, now worshipping in Temperance Hall, N. L. The contemplated site is in Tenth above Coates; and the building, if erected upon this plan, will be one of the neatest and most chaste in design in this city.

THE PRINCETON STUDENTS.

In our last we promised to publish a letter from one of the students at Princeton, in reference to the reception of the President of the United States by the students. As, however, we have received another letter from the author, begging us to withhold the first, we shall comply with his request, deferring to his judgment as to what will best serve his own case.

TRIAL OF WILLIAM H. PLATT.

We published a few weeks since an extract from a letter giving the names of counsel retained in the case of William H. Platt, indicted for the murder of Harding, at Augusta, Geo. The trial has resulted in his acquittal. The indictment was for shooting Harding, in the street, in open day. On what ground he was acquitted, we do not precisely understand.

PHILADELPHIA ORATORS.

Rev. Dr. Bethune delivers an address before the Literary Societies of Dickinson College, July 5th; Rev. Mr. Gillette an oration at Haddonfield, N. J., on the 4th instant; and Professor A. D. Bache an oration before the Literary Societies of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., on the day preceding the commencement at the end of July.

TRIAL.

King Alcohol is to be arraigned for trial on Monday evening at the Chinese Museum, and distinguished counsel have been assigned to the culprit. As, however, the jury will be made up of Washingtonians, we doubt whether the defendant could escape conviction, though he should retain all the lawyers in the land.

HONOR TO NOAH WEBSTER.

EULOGY ON NOAH WEBSTER.—At a meeting of the members of Amherst College, on the 18th of June, resolutions were adopted, requesting Tutor H. M. Spofford to pronounce an eulogy on the late Noah Webster, LL. D., on the 4th of July instant.

Items of News.

ANTIQUITIES.—Goblets of a classical form, unlike any thing known to our Indians, curious weapons of war, drinking cups and tools, the use of which is unknown, have lately been discovered near Natchez, by Dr. Dickinson. They are some relics probably of the Spaniards. Dr. D. has also discovered the bones of some large animal, now unknown, and will shortly give his discoveries to the world in a satisfactory shape in writing.

FATAL MISTAKE.—Mr. Samuel Somers, Machinist of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, died last week, from a dose of corrosive sublimate, which was administered to him by his wife, in mistake for some cough drops which had been prescribed for the influenza, by which he had been for some time indisposed. Medical aid proved of no avail, upon discovery of the sad error, and he died in a short time after swallowing the fatal dose.

GREAT TELESCOPE.—Messrs. H. M. Paine & Co. at South Leicester, Mass., are engaged in the manufacture of a Reflecting Telescope, whose focal length measures forty feet, and the diameter of the speculum twenty-five inches. The lenses will be ground by themselves, and the entire instrument will be of American manufacture.

A HEARTLESS THIEF.—A man named Thomas Brown, has been arrested and convicted, in Boston, of having picked the pocket of Mr. Patrick Sharkey, of $637, while the latter was bending over and endeavoring to recognise the dead body of a brother who had been drowned.

General News.

CONFESSION.—One of the Treasury Note Robbers, named Breedlove, has made an open and unsolicited confession of the robbery. He was a clerk in the New Orleans custom-house, and says that he abstracted the notes after they had been packed up to be despatched to Washington; that he handed them to an accomplice by the name of Haliday, who extracted out of many of them all traces of their cancellation, and then they were mutually passed by them. Jewell, the other prisoner, does not seem to be mentioned at all in the transaction.

HORRID MURDER.—On the 20th ult., Mr. George Bohrer, a farmer living near Georgetown, Ky, was murdered by a band of lawless men, in open day, while at work in his field. Five guns were fired at him, and four balls were lodged in his body, notwithstanding which he ran some distance, crying for help, but was overtaken by his murderers, one of whom beat in his skull with a hoe. The desire to obtain money was the cause of the act. Three persons have been arrested, and three more, who were suspected, have fled.

U. S. LOAN.—The New York Tribune says it was generally supposed in that city on Monday, that bids had been made to the Government for at least $14,000,000 at par to 1 per cent. premium.

Since the above was in type we learn from the Washington Globe that the whole of the loan for seven millions of United States five per cent. stock, advertised by the Secretary of the Treasury, has been taken by John Ward & Co., of New York, at one hundred and one dollars and one cent for every $100 of the stock.

DAMAGES.—In the West Chester, N. Y. Circuit Court, a verdict of nearly $63,000 has been recovered by Joseph Bailey and others, against the corporation of the city of New York, for damage done to their property, by the breaking away of the Croton dam in 1841. Fifteen cases of a like nature are pending, and should this decision be confirmed by a higher tribunal, to which the case will, no doubt, be carried, the city will no doubt be obliged to pay almost $200,000 in the way of damages.

A SAD CASE.—A little boy named James Eager, was severely bitten in Baltimore, a day or two ago, by a large bull-dog. The Sun states that while the boy was engaged in feeding a small dog of his own close by, the bull-dog sprung upon him, and seized him by the head, fixing his lower teeth in the left temple, and those of the upper jaw in the crown of the head. Those who permit such ferocious dogs to run at large, should be severely punished.

SHOT.—The Abington Virginian mentions that a notorious character named Goings, was recently shot in cold blood by three fellows who took it into their heads to arrest him—although they had no warrant nor the slightest authority. He refused to give himself up, and drew a pistol, thinking to intimidate them as he had done others; but all three fired and killed him instantly. What will the law do with his three murderers?

RUMOR.—The New Orleans Bulletin of June 16th, says:—"An English gentleman who met at Havana with Mr. Simpson, the person of that name who figures so largely in the proceedings which led to the cession of the Sandwich Islands, and who has gone via Havana with despatches from Lord Paulet to the British Government, informs us that Simpson represented to him that the seizure was without authority of Government.

MECHANICS' FAIR.—A Mechanics Fair was open in the city of Cincinnati, on the 23d inst. The more there are of such fairs, the better for the country, for they afford a powerful stimulus to ingenuity and skill. Where all wish to excel, the greater part, if not the whole, will, at least, be good. And as Cincinnati is bound to be one of the most important cities in the country, it is her duty to foster her mechanics.

CONVICTED.—Isaac Leavitt was tried at the late term of the Massachusetts Supreme Court at Plymouth, for the murder of a woman with whom he lived, having deserted his own wife. He had forbidden her to go to the door, to see his wife pass, threatening to kill her if she did. She disobeyed, and he killed her with a scythe. This was on the 25th of June, 1842. He was convicted of the murder.

A GOOD MOVE.—The N. Y. Tribune, states that the forwarders of immigrants westward, have held a meeting, and, with but three exceptions, firmly agreed and pledged themselves to employ no runners hereafter to board passage ships from Europe and make bargains with passengers. This is a great step toward the removal of the cruel impositions to which immigrants have long been subjected.

THE CANADA RIOTS.—The disturbances on the Beauharnois Canal, Canada, had not been quieted up to Wednesday last. A good deal of uneasiness existed among the residents of St. Timothy's in consequence of rumors that large bodies of men were still secreted in the woods, and on Wednesday the store of Mr. Larocque had been surrounded and robbed of goods.

☞ A destructive fire occurred at Boston on Saturday last. It broke out in the steam planing mill occupied by Messrs. Washburn and by Mr Curtis, and destroyed that, together with the dwelling of Mr. John Hollis, the carpenters' shops of Messrs. Cutter, Boyd & Holmes, and several small tenements. The amount of loss is not given.

DISEASE AMONG HORSES.—The Norristown Register says, a disease among horses has prevailed to a considerable extent during the last two or three months, in Montgomery and neighboring counties, and in many instances has proved fatal. The disease seems to be in the throat, and often terminates in death in a few days.

QUITE A CROWD.—There are now at Nauvoo, the Mormon city, between 17,000 and 18,000 souls, gathered from all parts of the world, all in a wretched, miserable condition, and entirely subject to the will of Joe Smith, the Prophet. The walls of the great temple have been raised to a height of about fourteen feet above the ground.

TROUBLE IN JAMAICA.—Advices from Matanzas of the 11th have been received at Savannah, and the captain of the vessel that brought them states, that on the day of his leaving Matanzas, a letter was received from Jamaica, which gave the particulars of an insurrection on that Island, and that a number of persons were killed.

GREAT TRAVELLING.—Seventeen thousand six hundred and fifty-four passengers were carried over the Eastern (Mass.) Railroad in "Bunker Hill week," exclusive of the military, who must have added a thousand more. On Saturday 58 trains were run from 5 A. M., till half-past 1 at night, without accident.

ACQUITTAL OF MR. COOKE.—M. Cooke, Jr. Esq. whose trial took place at Portsmouth, Va., a few days since, for shooting Melzar Gardner, Esq., editor of the "Old Dominion," has been acquitted. It will be recollected that it was in a scuffle that the pistol, which was Mr. Gardner's, exploded and caused the fatal result.

ADVANTAGES OF MESMERISM.—The New Orleans Picayune says the Recorder mesmerises his "subjects" now every morning. He then puts a police officer in communication with them, and learns at once, of course, all their deeds done in darkness. It saves the trouble of cross examination.

☞ The far-famed learned Blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, of Worcester, Mass., delivered three lectures at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, commencing Monday evening, the entire proceeds to be appropriated towards the cost of re-modelling the Theatre into a place of religious worship.

A FORTUNATE FALL.—The Brussels papers mention the case of a religious lunatic, who, having escaped from the asylum, climbed to the top of a tree, intending, as he said, to go straight to heaven. He jumped down, was but little hurt, and recovered the use of his senses!

CORN DOCTORS.—The New Haven Palladium says, some of these gentry have been curing corns in the town of Saybrook, by applying Nitric and Muriatic Acid, but at the same time they have made many of their patients sick, and one at least has died of lock-jaw.

SACRILEGE.—The Catholic church at New Castle Maine, was entered by some scoundrels, a few nights since, and utensils, &c., of considerable value, destroyed. A beautiful baptismal vase, presented to the Society by Bishop Cheverus, was also destroyed.

☞ A breach was made in the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal 4 miles below Easton on Friday week, 75 feet of tow path is gone, and the bottom washed away 25 feet in length, and 12 deep. It will take two weeks to repair it.

☞ The Annual commencement of the University of North Carolina, at Raleigh, was held a few days since. There were thirty-three graduates. The address before the Literary Societies was delivered by Dr. John Hill, of Wilmington.

☞ Defalcations among the British functionaries, in the British American Colonies, continue to be the order of the day. A collector of the poor rates for the Parish of St. Stephen, N. B., has been found short £250, and committed to prison. Other individuals have been called to an account, but the results of the investigations have not yet transpired.

CHEAP FIXTURES.—The decorations alone of about eight rooms of the City Hall of Paris, cost $1,000,000. The window curtains for the ball-room, thirteen in number, woven expressly at Lyons, cost five hundred dollars each.

"A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT ME."—This metaphorical expression was realized in practice on Friday last, by a colored woman of Baltimore, who had been bitten by a cur. She applied the hair of the animal to the wound!

SHAMEFUL.—There was a regular "ring fight" at Staten Island, on a height near the Narrows, on *Sunday* afternoon, between an English prize fighter and a New York butcher. The combatants fought for more than an hour.

LIBERAL.—Mr. N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, has presented the Astronomical Society of that city a site for its Observatory. It consists of four acres of ground, on one of the highest hills on the eastern side of the town.

MANUFACTURES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A complete revolution in trade in Cotton Yarns has been effected in North Carolina, within a few years, by the establishment of a number of factories in that State.

TRADER SCALPED BY THE INDIANS.—The Sioux Indians murdered a white man, and then scalped him, lately on the Little Vermillion River. He belonged to the Little Vermillion trading party in the West.

CONFIRMED.—The French papers confirm the report of a vessel, under English colors, laden with slaves, or negroes, engaged for Jamaica, having been captured by the French brig the Vigie off Goree.

☞ A military encampment is to be held at Doylestown on the 23d of August, to continue three days. It is to be called Camp Jackson, and General John Davis has accepted the command.

ACQUITTED.—Mr. Prescott, late Receiver of Public Monies at Chicago, Ill., has been tried as a defaulter, and acquitted—the decision of the jury having been given without leaving the box.

BRANCH MINT.—The Branch Mint at New Orleans, on the 17th inst., was in a flourishing condition, and had in deposit, at that date, nearly $2,000,000, most of which was gold.

LOOK OUT.—The Commercial Bank of Millington which broke up a few years ago has furnished a fund of spurious notes. The last alteration is to "Commercial Bank of Baltimore."

☞ The citizens of Mobile, have it in contemplation to bring the Nantucket "Camel" into use, for the purpose of overcoming the difficulties in the navigation of Mobile Bay.

☞ A most destructive hail storm passed over Raleigh, N. C., on the 20th inst. Corn, wheat and oats, were totally destroyed on a belt of country two or three miles wide.

☞ The Boundary Commissioners on the part of the United States and Great Britain have commenced to run the line at Grand Falls, on the St. John's river.

☞ The Ithaca Chronicle mentions the death of a boy thirteen years of age, named Sylvester Fulkerson, who was poisoned by eating wild parsnips (cicuta.)

☞ The City Council of Savannah, Georgia, has appropriated five hundred dollars for the relief of the sufferers by the recent fire in Tallahassee, Florida.

☞ The Louisville Journal, boasts of a stalk of asparagus, the growth of Jefferson County, which measured 5¼ inches in circumference.

☞ It is stated that the locusts and the influenza visited us seventeen years ago in the same manner that they are now seen and felt.

☞ The Boston Democrat, says that Governor Dorr is about to return to Providence to resume the practice of the law.

☞ Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, contains 56,000 inhabitants, and yet its county prison holds but one prisoner.

☞ The New York Express states that the "bill of costs" of the President's visit will reach as high as $4000.

DEATHS BY LIGHTNING.—In 1842 there was 183 persons struck by lightning, in the United States.

☞ The loss by the late destructive fire in Tallahassee, Florida, is estimated at over $650,000.

☞ The Hon. Walter Forward is to deliver an address before the Pittsburgh Trade Union.

Local Intelligence.

EXPLOSION.—The steam boiler in the sugar refinery of Messrs. Koons & Hagstolz, corner of Crown and Race streets, exploded last week, through the ignorance of a new hand. Two sons of Mr. H. were badly scalded. The injury to the works and the building is not very great, as the damage was confined to the boiler, and the brick wall that surrounded it, which was blown down, and the fragments of it were scattered in every direction about the cellar. One of the young men is since dead.

CHURCH IN PASSYUNK.—The corner stone of the place of worship about to be erected by the Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church, recently organized in Passyunk, was laid with appropriate ceremonies on Thursday. The church will be built upon a lot of ground presented to the congregation by Joseph Dugan, Esq., and is situated on the Penrose ferry road opposite the Girard School House.

A FIRE.—The furniture manufactory of Mr. T. P. Sherbourne, in Walnut street above Fourth, was nearly destroyed by fire on Monday night. Loss about $3000. The shop was carefully cleared out on Saturday, and was swept on Monday night, at which time no fire was left on the premises. The insurance expired about two weeks ago, and was, unfortunately, not renewed.

ATTACKED BY A BULL.—As the members of the Fairmount Engine Company were returning from the fire the other afternoon, a ferocious bull made fight towards a number of men, who were clothed in their red equipments, and who were obliged to take shelter in several houses on the Ridge Road. A small boy narrowly escaped with his life.

☞ Among the fires in this city during the week one on Monday consumed a lot of houses, stables, and a cooper's shop in the rear of Schuylkill Third street, below Market. The fire about three o'clock in the afternoon, was at the Navigation Inn, on the north side of Market street, about a square from the other.

THE FRIGATE RARITAN.—Orders have been received at the Philadelphia Navy Yard to rig the frigate Raritan with the utmost possible despatch. There are at present employed in the yard three hundred and seventy-five hands, and the number will be increased forthwith.

HALF MAST.—The flags at the Navy Yard were suspended at half-mast on Tuesday, and at twelve o'clock minute guns were fired, as a testimonial of respect to the memory of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare.

NO AWARD.—The jury to award damages for the opening of Eleventh street, from Poplar street to Girard Avenue, met last week, and after viewing the premises, decided to make no award of damages.

☞ A Jury of view have reported in favor of extending Decatur street, from Carpenter to Chesnut street. This will remove the Arcade.

☞ George W. Jones, Esq., was on Monday last, elected Treasurer of the Board of Guardians of the Poor, to serve for the ensuing year.

☞ A clear face has been put on the marble statue of Franklin, in front of the Philadelphia Library.

Army & Navy.

☞ Upwards of 100 recruits from Philadelphia and Baltimore, principally for the U. S. frigate Macedonian, arrived at Norfolk, Va., on Thursday last. They are fine healthy looking fellows, and many of them first rate mechanics.

☞ The Acting Secretary of War has issued a circular, requesting all civil officers attached to that Department, to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days, as a tribute to the memory of Mr. Legare.

☞ Captain John Percival has been ordered to the command of the ship Franklin, as soon as the Board of Examiners adjourns.

☞ The U. S. ship Falmouth arrived at Savannah on the 18th, from a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies.

☞ The keel of an Iron Revenue Cutter, with Ericsson propellers, has just been laid at Pittsburgh.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements. Nor will receipts from any other be acknowledged by us.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collector for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *July*, 1843.—The July number of this popular monthly is issued in a style of surpassing splendor. The embellishments are of the finest description, and the articles from the best American writers. The poem on the Indians by Hon. R. T. Conrad is the best that has ever been written upon the subject, and establishes his claims as one of the first poets in the language. The gem from the pen of J. R. Chandler, Esq., will be read with gratification the Union over. It is *the* story of the month, and is pronounced by the friends of the writer to be his best.

The following are the opinions of some of our contemporaries of the merit of the number.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The number for July has been sent to us. We "cuddled" ourself a little more comfortably in our seat, in order to take a good long look through its pages, and were well rewarded therefor. The first thing we saw was the embellishments. There is a fine engraving of "Coming to get Married." A young couple are standing in modest silence, fronting a good "padre," who wears a very severe expression of countenance, but whether induced by a desire to impress upon the abashed couple the importance of the step they are about to take, or the fear of losing his breakfast, which lies spread out before him, we cannot say—the looker-on will judge for himself. To this succeeds an admirable picture of a "Mother and Child," which we are glad to see wherever it appears—and we have seen it often. A boquet of flowers, handsomely drawn, and naturally colored, closes the pictorial adornments of the number, but it and those which precede it, sink into the shade before the literary gems which are numerously given. A poem by Judge Conrad, worthy in every respect of his eminent fame, will be read and universally admired. N. P. Willis contributes a ray of light from his sparkling pen; Mr. Fenimore Cooper, Mr. J. K. Paulding, "Mrs. Mary Clavers," and others give sterling evidences of their ability to write well. The number is unusually good.—*U. S. Gazette.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY.—This magnificent monthly, for July, is the commencement of the second semi annual volume, and will compare in its matter as well as in its embellishments with any number that has preceded it, or in fact with any magazine in the country. It contains sixty finely printed pages, besides the following exquisite embellishments, viz.—"The Mother," by Sadd, and a beautiful mezzotint it is, too; "Coming to get Married," a picture that cannot fail to interest the young; and "The Rose," engraved by Quarre, in his best style. These pictures alone are worth twice the price of the number. The contributors are men of the first talent in the country. Among those who have articles in the number before us, we notice the names of Paulding, Cooper, H. W. Herbert, Willis, Chandler, Mancur, Tuckerman, Conrad, Miss Barrett, "Mary Clavers," Miss Lawson and others, a galaxy of talent that cannot fail to place this magazine on the very topmost round of American literary publications.—*Public Ledger.*

THE PHYSICAL DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASES OF THE LUNGS. *By Walter Hayle Walshe, M. D. Professor of Pathological Anatomy in University College, London; Physician to the hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, &c. &c., pages* 310, 18 *mo. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia*, 1843.—As far back as the year 1761, Auenbrugger published at Vienna a small work upon the physical means of distinguishing disease of the chest, and since that period several persons have added information upon this subject, among the most distinguished of whom are Corvisart, Laennec and Piorry. The work before us contains all that is at present known upon the subject of physical diagnosis, arranged in three parts. The first, briefly and clearly describes the various signs obtained by percussion and by auscultation; the second part shows how these signs are combined in various diseases of the chest, and the third is a commentary upon the two preceding parts. If the student is desirous of knowing what are the physical signs of pleurisy, of consumption, or any affection of the lungs, he can at once find them, given under the proper head, by reference to the index.

The style of the book is clear and concise, and the work is unquestionably the very best that the student of physical diagnosis could possess. And when it is remembered that one-fifth of all deaths in this country are in consequence of diseases of the lungs, it will be easy to appreciate the importance of this book to the members of the profession.

LADIES' COMPANION, *for July. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The July number is embellished with three engravings from the burin of Dick, "Roger De Coverly and The Gipsies," "The Hyacinth," and "The Page." The first is the best, and excepting the faces of the *children*,—which are execrable—is a creditable engraving. The articles are from the pens of Ingraham, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Orne, Mrs. Ellet, *H. B. Hirst* and others.

The *poetry* by H. B. Hirst, is in the "*ideal*" style of that young gentleman, and we must say in passing, that we know of no one who excels in that line, the distinguished author of "*Egeria*"—except, perhaps, Master George Lippard. The poem to "Egeria" opens thus,

> "I am, like one within a trance
> Gazing upon thy countenance."

And closes with these deep lines,

> "My bark with broken *sail and mast*
> Sweeps where the sunken rocks for ever
> *Will hold its timbers fast!*"

It must be a gratification to Henry to know that his *timbers* will be secure, as it will be to "Egeria." That young lady, doubtless, has been a good deal alarmed on that score.

RINGWOOD THE ROVER. *A Tale of Florida. By H. W. Herbert. Philadelphia: W. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut Street.*—This is a romance, based upon incidents in the romantic history of the Buccaneers; a field full of stirring adventure but hitherto seldom attempted. In no other instance have the incidents peculiar to this singular race of men been so well woven into a tale as in this; and it is saying not a word too much of "Ringwood the Rover" to pronounce it one of the very best of its class. An unflagging interest is kept up from beginning to end, and no person once commencing can relinquish the reading until the perusal is completed. It is printed in a very neat form, and at the low price of twelve and a half cents; the paper is good, and the type clear.

McCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—We had barely time in our last to call attention to the receipt of the first number of McCulloch in this city. As a book of reference, it possesses the merits—no small one in geographical matters—of modern preparation. It is full and exact in its articles; those on American States, cities, &c., being furnished by Haskell, the author of an excellent Gazetteer of the United States; so that the work in the Harpers' edition, preserving the European part, with the addition of the American, is more valuable than the original. It may be had of Zieber & Co., Graham, and Perkins & Purves.

PETERSON'S BOOK, OR THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for July has been issued, but we must defer our notice to next week. Meanwhile we refer to the story on our first page as a specimen of its contents.

BURNET'S REFORMATION. *Four vols. 8 vo. New York: Appletons'. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is a second American edition of this standard work with Nare's Notes. It is embellished with a frontispiece and twenty-three portraits, is printed on large type, and clear white paper. Of the text it is unnecessary to say one word. This edition has a copious index, revised and corrected, with additional Notes and a Preface by Rev. E. Nares, D. D. The preface will be found of exceeding great advantage to the student; and the carefully revised index would alone give this edition a claim for preference. Uniform in style with this work the same publishers have Burnett's Exposition, and Bishop Pearson on the Creed.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, *for July.*—The embellishments of this number are The Boudoir, by Chalon, engraved by Tucker, The Village School, and a Fashion Plate. Among the contributors we have Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Smith, Miss Leslie, and other ladies, and Messrs. Willis, Arthur, Frost and McMichael. Miss Leslie's sketch is a satire in her happiest vein upon the Worsted Fever; but we doubt whether any of the ladies smitten with the mania will readily relinquish it. It must run its course, like the measles; and produces after all much more neat work than Miss L. would have us think. As a whole the number is a pleasant one.

NEANDERS' HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, *during the First Three Centuries. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co.*—No. 4 of this work, now in course of publication in the Biblical Cabinet, has just made its appearance. It is neatly printed, as all Campbell's publications are; and as we have said before, is among the most valuable serials now in course of publication—particularly to Clergymen.

ABRIDGED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By Emma Willard. Philadelphia: A. S. Barnes & Co.*—As an author of school books Miss Willard is widely and favorably known, and the work under notice is worthy of her reputation. It is convenient in form, easy in style, well adapted for reference, and altogether worthy of higher honor than being thumbed to bits by juveniles.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE WHIGS AND TORIES.—*Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a reprint of the English work, giving brief sketches of distinguished statesmen of both parties, from 1760 to 1810, a great portion of which period, as it includes the political history of England during the American Revolution, and prior thereto, is exceedingly interesting to Americans.

SANTA FE. Geo. Wilkins Kendall, Esq., of the New Orleans Picayune, whose capture, detention, and release, as one of the Santa Fe Expedition, is known to our readers, has gone to summer at Vermont, and prepare a narrative of his forced journey for publication. Specimens from his note book, published in the Picayune, have been widely read and admired.

DAYS' ALGEBRA. *Philadelphia: Smith & Peck.*—This is an abridgement, made under the approval of the author, by James B. Thompson, A. M. The intention of the work is to put the subject in such a shape as to be intelligible to the young; and the design appears to have been accomplished with complete success. It is neatly printed, and substantially bound.

☞ A Voice from the Vintage has been published in a cheap form by the Appletons'. The same house has issued in a neat shape, a powerfully written pamphlet. It is in the form of letters addressed to Hon. John C. Calhoun, and criticises that gentleman's political course and claims. The author does not appear.

LORD BYRON. *A new edition complete. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—This is a reprint of Moore's Byron, in twelve numbers, at twenty-five cents each. It is neatly printed on handsome paper. The publication has proceeded as far as No. 3.

SHAKSPEARE.—The eighth and last part of Harper's serial edition of Shakspeare, has been received by Zieber & Co., and Perkins and Purves. This is a complete edition, embracing all the poems of the Bard of Avon.

FREDERIKA BREMER. "The Twins and other Tales," by Frederika Bremer, is the title of a pamphlet just received by Zieber & Co. Miss Bremer's is just now one of the most popular names.

FROISSART. Zieber & Co., and W. H. Graham, have received the Third number of Froissart's Chronicles. This is a work which, once fairly introduced to the reading public, must always sell.

☞ Colon has sent us a queer book, purporting to be an account of visits to the Shakers by men long since deceased. Such apparitions would be apt to make *Shakers* of almost any of us.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. This Democratic daily, under the editorial charge of Mr. Du Solle, has put on new type, and enlarged its borders. It is always lively and wide-awake.

☞ Lea & Blanchard have published the sixth part of the edition of Chuzzlewit. The seventh will be looked for with much interest.

Political Intelligence.

MAINE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—A Democratic State Convention was held at Bangor, Maine, on Thursday week. Upon the first ballot for a candidate for Governor, the vote was as follows:—Whole number of votes, 299; necessary to a choice, 150. Hugh Anderson had 162; Edward Kavanagh 124; Scattering 13; and Mr. Anderson was recommended to the Democrats of the State as their candidate for Governor for the ensuing year. A series of strong resolutions, one of them recommendatory of Mr. Van Buren for the next President, were adopted, after a long and animated discussion, and two delegates were chosen to the Baltimore Convention in May next.

☞ The Whig State Convention of Georgia have nominated George W. Crawford, Esq., of Richmond, for Governor, and A. H. Stephens, Esq., of Taliaferro, for Congress. The Convention also passed a resolution unanimously instructing their delegates to the National Convention in May, 1844, to urge the name of the Hon. John McPherson Berrien as the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency. Henry Clay was the unanimous choice of the Convention for President, and the delegates are instructed to vote for him.

☞ The Legislature of Rhode Island adjourned on Saturday last, and among the business done, was to pass an act dividing the State into two Congressional Districts. The funds used in suppressing the Dorr Insurrection were taken from the Deposite Fund, and the State has decided to pay the interest on the same to the School Fund. The old revolutionary debt of $64,255 51, still exists, but properly speaking, no other debt exists against the State.

APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK AND MAINE.—JOHN H. FRICK, of Philadelphia, Commissioner in and for the State of Pennsylvania, to take the acknowledgment and proof of any deed, mortgage, contract, letter of attorney, or any other writing under seal, to be used or recorded in the States of New York or Maine, and to administer oaths and affirmations.

☞ The Legislature of New Hampshire has resolved almost unanimously to instruct the Senators of that State in Congress, and to request its Representatives in that body, to use their best endeavors to procure the passage of a law, unconditionally refunding to Gen. Jackson, the fine imposed upon him by Judge Hall, of New Orleans.

☞ The Democratic State Convention of Maine, has appointed delegates to the National Convention, to be held in May, 1844; and by a vote of 144 to 74, has expressed its preference for Martin Van Buren, as the candidate for the Presidency. The Convention also nominated Hugh J. Anderson, for Governor.

☞ The House of Representatives of New Hampshire, have, by a vote of 122 to 99, rejected a proposition to district the state for the choice of members of Congress.

☞ Robert Rantoul, Jr., Esq., has been appointed Collector of the Port of Boston; and Mr. Palfrey, editor of the Salem Advertiser, Surveyor of the port of Salem.

☞ The New York Courier and Enquirer, of Tuesday, says:—"It is rumored that the Navy Department has been tendered to Captain Stockton."

☞ Nathaniel Green, former Postmaster at Boston, has been re-appointed, and Mr. Gordon, whose place he takes, goes out Consul to Havre.

☞ The New Hampshire Legislature has voted by 121 to 101, not to take the State's share (about $10,000) of the Land Distribution.

☞ The Richmond Whig intimates that a bitter feud exists between Secretary Spencer and Secretary Upshur.

☞ Hon. Abel P. Upshur has been appointed Secretary of State, *ad interim*.

Notices of the Dead.

DAVID KENNISTON, recently deceased, at Boothbay, Maine, was born at Durham, N. H., in 1758, and entered the army during the very first enlistment, at the age of sixteen. The Republican states, that he fought at Bunker Hill, and saw Gen. Warren as he departed to take his station in another part of the redoubt assigned him by Col. Prescott, (as he had not then taken command) fall, before he reached the spot assigned. Gen. Warren approached Col. Prescott at the commencement of the firing, and requested him to assign him his station, to which Col. Prescott replied,—"you are my superior." Col. Prescott then pointed to a part of the redoubt assigned Gen. Warren, and as the General was going to it, and before reaching it, was shot. He was in many of the hardest battles of the Revolution, during the whole of which he served. Was taken prisoner at the bloody battle of Long Island, and after three months' confinement, escaped with one other from the prison house, New York, from the third story, by strips of his clothing tied together. Soon after the peace—1783—he removed to Boothbay, where he resided until his death; and for the last five years of his life have been devoted to prayer and pious contemplation. He was beloved as a neighbor, esteemed as a Christian, and universally respected for his uncompromising integrity.

CAPTAIN LEWIS DOLBACK, aged XCI., a pensioner of the United States, died at Dedham, Mass., on the 1st of June. He was one who attached himself to a minute company of soldiers at Dedham, in September, 1774, in anticipation of hostilities, and hastened to the scene of action at the first battle, April 19, 1775. He served during the first eight months service of 1775, in Captain Joseph Guild's company, Col. John Graton's regiment. In 1776 he served a campaign as orderly sergeant, under Capt. Geo. Gould, Col. Wm. McIntosh's regiment, at White Plains, New York. As Lieutenant he volunteered under Capt. Daniel Fisher, to suppress the Shay's insurrection in the winter of 1786–7.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The Bay State Democrat announces the death, on Saturday morning, of the Rev. David Damon, Pastor of the Unitarian Society at West Cambridge. He was engaged at Reading, on Friday afternoon last, in preaching a funeral sermon, when he was attacked with a fit of apoplexy, which has thus proved fatal. A short time since, while delivering an address at the consecration of a rural cemetery at West Cambridge, he made the remark, that possibly he should be the first to repose in death beneath its shades; and the words of the speaker have literally proved true!

DEACON BENJAMIN PRATT, a revolutionary soldier, aged LXXXIV., died in Reading, Mass., on the 17th of June. Mr. Pratt was in the battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill and White Plains. He was with Gen. Washington for three months, wanting 3 days. He has been a Deacon in the Congregational Church in Reading for 49 or 50 years, and has maintained a character without reproach. His death occurred during the exercises at Bunker Hill on Saturday week. His last hours were peaceful. He never received a pension.

JAMES FINDLAY, Esq., (second son of the Hon. Wm. Findley, late Governor of the commonwealth,) formerly speaker of the House of Representatives, and Secretary of State under the administration of Governor Wolf, died at Pittsburgh on Thursday last, in the 42d year of his age. At a meeting of the Pittsburgh bar, of which he was a member, resolutions were passed, regretting his death, and paying a tribute to his worth.

JOHN SHAW, of Woolwich, Maine, died on the 5th inst., in the ninety-second year of his age. Mr. Shaw served during the whole of the Revolutionary war, and never deserted his country's call, or the holy cause of freedom; for which he retained a warm attachment to the end of his life. He was an excellent neighbor and citizen—an honest and independent man.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.—The Pittsburg Preacher says—"It becomes our painful duty to announce to our readers, the death of the Rev. Joseph R. Kerr, Pastor of the First Associate Reformed Church of this city. He departed this life, at his residence on Wiley street, on Wednesday, the 14th ult. at nine o'clock, P. M."

Religious Intelligence.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church commenced its session at Warren on Wednesday, the 7th inst., Bishop Hedding, assisted by Bishop Morris, presiding. On Saturday, Dr. Edwards addressed the Conference in a very able and glowing speech on the importance of observing the Sabbath. On Sunday, the ordination of five elders and five deacons took place before a very crowded assemblage. This conference comprises about 75 ministers, most of whom are young and active in their vocation. The missionary anniversaries of the conference came off on Monday evening, and resulted in giving a powerful impetus to the cause. The delegates to the general conference to be holden in May next are the Rev. Mr. Townsend, Lovejoy, Barton and Upham.

CONSECRATION.—On Sunday, the new Roman Catholic Church, at Chester, Pa., was consecrated by the usual rites and ceremonies. Mass was solemnized, and a sermon highly appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Mr. Sorin. In the afternoon vespers were sung, and a very able and eloquent discourse delivered by the Rev. Dr. Moriarty. A collection was taken up in aid of the Church, and the sum of $350 was obtained.

☞ The corner stone of a Roman Catholic College was laid with appropriate ceremonies, at Worcester, Mass., on the 21st inst. Bishop Fenwick officiated, assisted by about fifteen priests and choristers.

☞ On Wednesday, the 15th of June, the corner stone of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, East Nantmeal township, Chester county, was laid with appropriate religious services.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 2d.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—St. James's Church, Seventh above Market street. St. Andrew's Church, Eighth above Spruce streets. Church of the Ascension, Lombard above Eleventh street. St. Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street below Twelfth. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Second Church, Seventh below Arch street. Eighth Church, Spruce above Third street. Central Church, Eighth and Cherry streets. Union Church, Thirteenth below Spruce street.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—Third Church, corner of Fourth and Pine streets. Clinton street Church, corner of Clinton and Tenth street. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth streets. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

GERMAN REFORMED.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.—The Associate Reformed, and the Reformed Presbyterian Churches of the United States, have taken measures to unite, under the designation of the "United Presbyterian Church in North America." They are to meet, by their representations, in Alleghany City, near Pittsburg, on the Second Tuesday of May next, to adopt a form of government, book of discipline, &c.

THE CONNECTICUT BIBLE SOCIETY at its recent meeting elected Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., President for the coming year. The receipts of the Society for the year have been $2,346, of which $1,973 were collections. There have been 1116 Bibles and 1811 Testaments disposed of during the year.

"UNTO THE POOR THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED."—Sabbath afternoon, at 5 o'clock, the Rev. Robert Adair, Pastor of the German Street Presbyterian Church, will preach on board the Steamer Kingston, lying at the upper side of Christian street wharf.

☞ A meeting was held in Newark, Delaware, on the 22d inst., at which it was resolved to commence the erection of a church this summer, to be called St. Thomas's. It is designed for the Protestant Episcopal denomination.

☞ The corner stone of a new Baptist Church, was laid in Washington City on Wednesday, and the address was delivered by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, of this city.

☞ The Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, has 19 Synods, 418 ministers, 1371 congregations, and nearly 140,000 communicants.

☞ A new Presbyterian Church was dedicated in Louisville, Ky., on the 18th inst.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

The following paper we cut from the Erie (Pa.) Observer. It was our first purpose to extract from it the account of the phenomena at Erie, but the whole is so interesting that we cannot deny to our readers a participation in the gratification which its perusal affords. There is a wholesome train of thought in it, which addresses both the understanding and the faith of him who believes in an overruling Providence:

Since the promulgation of Millerism, and especially since the appearance of the late comet, the papers have detailed numerous cases of singular phenomena in the heavens and upon earth. Amongst others, some very remarkable instances, produced by the refraction of light have been noticed, especially one which was recently observed at Oswego, N. Y., when objects which were far below the horizon, "loomed up," as the sailors say, and were distinctly visible, besides presenting the appearance of having been brought within half the real distance.

An equally interesting appearance was presented at this place on Sunday morning last, at between 10 and 11 o'clock. The day was clear, and the atmosphere warm, with a moderate breeze from S. S. W. The point from which my observation was taken was nearly a mile from the lake and 100 to 120 feet above its level. The line of the horizon upon the water, was as distinctly marked as the boundaries upon a map, without an intervening object in view beyond the land upon this shore. Yet, at an apparent elevation above the horizon of nearly two degrees to its water line, a ship appeared in full and perfect view, hull, masts and rigging all in order, and moving majestically through the heavens. At an elevation somewhat higher, say two and a half degrees above the horizon, appeared a faint outline which from its shape was supposed to be Long Point, distant about 35 miles, and constantly requiring an elevation above the water level, here, of nearly seven hundred feet, to be seen, without the aid of refraction. Between the horizon and the vessel, as well as for several degrees above her, the appearance was that of a sky, clear of clouds, but dimly obscured by a light mist. I have several times, before now, seen Long Point from this shore much more distinctly than on the present occasion, but it was then accompanied by a continued appearance of the water to its very beach. The singularity of the present case is that the water disappeared beyond the horizon while the opaque objects alone were refracted, giving them the appearance of being suspended in mid-air.

Though instances like this and the others which have been noticed, may be unusual, they are still not unnatural. The extraordinary quantity of ice in the lakes during the past winter and the unusual length of time it has held dominion over its hidden waters, by preventing the sun from acting upon them, until the latter had obtained a high elevation, have no doubt, contributed mainly to bring about the peculiar states of atmosphere necessary to produce these results. Similar appearances are often witnessed in the vicinity of icebergs, particularly when these have broken from their native holds, and floated towards the tropics. And yet these cases present far less novelty and interest, than those where refraction is accompanied by reflection, and objects which are in reality below the horizon are not only made to appear in full view, but the same objects are reflected so that upon the top of one, its counterpart rests with its apex reversed. Even these appearances are sometimes again reflected, so that four views of the same object are presented at once.

A singular phenomenon connected with this principle in the operation of nature, was witnessed some years ago in one of the glens of Scotland. It created at the time considerable alarm among the neighboring peasantry, and some discussion by scientific journalists and may be familiar to some of our present readers; yet it is worth a re-notice. A man was standing upon the brow of a deep ravine, one side of which was in view for some distance, beyond some intervening objects. That side presented a bold and precipitous front, almost inaccessible to man or beast, in any manner. While examining it with some intensity of interest, a deer bounded over the edge and down this terrific precipice, and before the man could fairly indulge in reflections upon the certain death of the animal, a party of mounted huntsmen appeared in chase, and followed at full speed in its tracks down the same precipice until they also disappeared from his view. In full confidence that the whole party, men and animals had been dashed into atoms, as a reward for their temerity, he rallied assistance and went in quest of them. Climbing with much difficulty the bank where he had supposed them to have crossed, every spot was searched with care, but no trace of deer, horse or horseman could be found. The mystery was subsequently explained by ascertaining that a similar scene was enacted upon the hill on the opposite side of the ravine, which was of more gradual ascent, and from the observer's position, at the time, entirely hid from his view; but by a peculiar state of the atmosphere reflected on the side which was in view.

* * * * *

Comets have come and gone; the sun has been darkened and the moon refused to give her light; stars have apparently shot from their places; meteors have danced round the earth. The Aurora Borealis has assumed the most fantastic shapes. We have had strange sights and signs in the heavens and upon the earth. There have been earthquakes in divers places. We have had wars and rumors of wars. The earth has refused to yield her accustomed increase. Rich places have been made desolate. The haughty have been humbled, and the humble exalted. The oppressed have been made free, and their hearts made glad. The wicked have ruled and been trampled under foot. The lion and the lamb, the wolf and the young kid have lain down together, and a young child has led them as with a hair. These things have all been occurring since the history of creation commenced; and we have no evidence deducible from them, that the earth is to be destroyed this year, more than we have that its existence will terminate a thousand years hence, or that it should have ended at any given period before this.

It is the belief of most Christians, that our Saviour is to come in person to judge the world. It is also a prevalent opinion that a destruction of the present organic existence of the earth will take place at the consummation of those things which the prophets have foretold; and that the instrument of that destruction is to be fire. Yet the attempt for man to define the period of this consummation is perfectly fallacious. Christ himself has told us that "of that day and hour knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven, but the Father which sent me." Why then should man know more than the angels, or how can he attempt to scan the ways of the Almighty? It is true that Miller and his proselytes do not pretend to designate the "day, nor the hour," but they have named the year, and that is equally tampering with the attributes of Jehovah, who, in all the prophecies depending upon time, has evidently caused them to be clothed with mystery, leaving the solution of their fulfilment only to be determined by the occurrence of the event, while he has commanded all to "watch and be ready." H. L. HARVEY.

Erie, May 16, 1843.

SHERMAN'S LOZENGES are a great contrivance to inveigle children into swallowing useful but not always coveted substances. Plate sin with gold and it goes down—plate drugs with sugar, and they go down, too. The Doctor's Strengthening Plaster is an excellent article, particularly for sedentaries; and his tooth paste has proved a sad thing in the way of the reformation of tobacco chewers. It disguises the effects of the weed so completely that the most jealous do not suspect those users of the weed, who use the precaution. Van York, 98 Chesnut street.

INFLUENZA.—We notice with deep regret that the Influenza is very prevalent at the present time in this city. The slightest delay in applying the proper remedies in the early stage of the malady is often attended with serious consequences.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a positive and certain cure for this distressing complaint. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time give relief, even in the most intense suffering, and perseverance according to the directions will certainly restore the body to a sound state of health.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by W. & J. H. Keim, North Fifth street, Reading, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

N. B. The genuine medicine, can with certainty, be obtained from Messrs. J. W. HINGLER & Co., GROCERS, and Messrs. Stichter & McKnight, READING, Pa., and also, at the offices, No. 169 RACE ST., PHILADELPHIA; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

Remember, none are right except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—The aborigines of America possessed a knowledge of the healing art, which in many cases far surpassed that of civilized man. By studying they became initiated in her secrets, and the way she pointed out was invariably followed. Their remedies were obtained from the vegetable creation, and acting in such perfect harmony with natural laws, were powerful in removing and controlling disease. It is thus Sands' Sarsaparilla, a purely vegetable preparation, operates on the system. It harmonizes and unites with the vis medicatrix naturæ or life preserving principle; by its use diseased action is subdued, and the vital powers enabled to perform their functions.

For conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see the certificates published in this and other city papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

DIALOGUE.—(*Deacon, a Deaf Man, using Scarpa's Oil, and a Parson.*)

Parson.—Do you recollect, Deacon, the language of Brutes in the Roman Forum?

Deacon.—Yes! I think it was, "Be silent, that ye may *hear*."

Parson.—Quite right. But Scarp's Oil was not known then Deacon.

Deacon.—No! If it had been, he could have recommended it to every Roman citizen, and exclaimed instead, as I now do, "Use Scarpa's Oil that ye may hear."

Parson.—Have you really been benefitted by the use of it, Deacon?

Deacon.—Yes! and it is the only medicine that I have found during the fifteen years that I have been deaf, that has been of any advantage to me.

Parson.—Where did you buy it?

Deacon.—I bought mine at No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Parson.—I rejoice at this, Deacon, as you will now be able to hear my sermons, instead of falling asleep.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
518 shares	Schuylkill Navi. Co.	43a43½
185 do.	Reading R R.	17½a18
100 do.	Girard Bank,	5½
25 do.	Southern Trust Co.	6
20 do.	Mechanics Bank,	19
20 do.	Wilmington R. R.	10¼a10½
5 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank	34
$29,900	State 5's, various years,	46½a47
$4000	City 5's, various years,	100¾
$1000	Pittsburg 6's, 1851,	94¼
$500	Lehigh Mortgage Loan	59
$2000	Reading R. R. Loan, convertible, 1850	54
$1000	Kentucky Bonds,	97½
$1000	Cincin. Water Works Bonds,	89¾
$500	Lehigh 6's, Mortgage	60

Philadelphia Market.

Flour and Meal.—The demand for flour has fallen off, but prices maintain the late advance. Sales for export at $5,25 per bbl for Pa flour, recently ground, and fair brands western at $5 25 for city use. Rye flour has advanced; a sale at $3,37½ per bbl. Corn meal has slightly receded; a sale at $2,81¼, and a large parcel at a price not made public.

Grain—Wheat is scarce and in request—sales of 5000 bushels Pa. red, and red and white mixed at $1 19a1,20 per bushel, chiefly at the latter price. Rye—Sales of Pa. at 68 cts. Corn has slightly advanced—Sales of Pa round yellow at 55a57, flat do 55; and southern at 54 cts. Oats—Sales of southern at 30½a31 cts. 1000 bushels prime Pa. at 35 cts.

Provisions—No changes have taken place in prices, and the demand for bacon is again on the increase—A sale of 150 tcs canvassed hams was made at 6 cts per lb cash. Good and prime No 1 lard is held at 7a7½ cts.

Coffee—An import of 2000 bags Maracaibo was taken before landing at a price not made public. In other descriptions the sales have been trifling.

Hemp—Sales of 100 bales Manilla at $130 per ton—Sales of Kentucky dew rotted at $85, and water rotted at $125a150 per ton.

Cotton—There have been some few small sales; about 50 bales of Mobile at 7½c, and a small lot of Georgia at 6¼ to 6¾.

Fruit—220 boxes of oranges and lemons were sold at $3,75 to $5 according to condition.

Lead—Sales of 1600 pigs Missouri, to arrive, part at $3,50, 6 mos, and part at a shade less.

Molasses—Prices are steady with limited sales.

Indigo—Sale of 2 cases of Bengal at $1,35.

Sugar—50 hhds New Orleans at 5½ to 6¼.

Hides—A lot of Maracaibo at 9 cts.

Whiskey—Sales in bbls at 23 cts.

Pepper—Sales of 50 bags at 8½c.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—640 offered, principally western cattle. Sales were made at 4¼a5½c, extra 6 cents. About 400 went to N. Y. [illegible] left over. Cows and calves—215 in market. Sales from $15 to $20, extra $25. Springers $12a18. Dry Cows $5a8. Calves—Sales to go to Jersey at $1,50a2, extra $3 50a4,50, by live weight 2¾ cts. Hogs—250 western and 200 Pa. Sales were made at 4¼a4¾. 50 left over. Sheep—1000 in market. Sales at $1,50 to 2, extra $2,50.

New York, June 26.—At market 800 head of fresh cattle, 750 from the south, 85 cows and calves, and 1200 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle were very dull, and our highest quotations obtained with difficulty, viz. $4,75a6,25 for retailing qualities. Left over 350. Cows and Calves—Sales of 60 at $20a25 to $28. Sheep and Lambs—All but 30 taken at $1,50 to $2,75 for sheep, and $1,50a2,75 for lambs.

Baltimore, June 26.—Cattle—There were 270 head of beef cattle offered and 310 sold at $3,50a5,75 net. Hogs—Live hogs scarce, sell at $4a4 25 per 100 lbs.

Trade and Business.

Baltimore, June 27.—Flour—On Saturday a sale of 500 barrels good brands was made at $5.75. A sale at $5,37½, also two sales to-day of fresh ground parcels, one at $5,50 and the other at $5,62½. Holders generally ask $5,75 for fresh lots, and $5,50 for old. No sales in city mills flour. Some of the millers name $5 75 as the rate per bbl. On Saturday a sale of 200 bbls Susquehanna at $5,62½; to-day 200 bbls at $5,75. Grain—Wheat has further advanced. On Saturday 500 bushels Penna red sold at 1,18; to-day several sales of good to prime Pa red at 119a122. Small parcels of Md reds sold at 90a116 cts according to quality. Sales of Md corn at 51 cts for yellow, and 55 for white; sales of Pa at 54 cts. We quote Md oats at 26a27 cts as in quality. Provisions—Market very dull. Whiskey—Prices have declined. Sales of hhds to-day at 23, and bbls at 24 cts.

New York, June 27.—Ashes—Yesterday about 450 bbls of pots were taken at $4,62½, and 100 bbls of pearls at $5.25. Cotton—The sales yesterday amounted to 500 bales. Flour and Grain—The receipts of flour are very light and so is the demand just now, as is nearly always the case after such an advance in price as was realized last week. We quote Genesee at $5,68¾a$5,75, Michigan $5,62½, and round-hoop Ohio at $5,56¼a5,62½. Southern flour is held at $5,50 from store. Sales of wheat at $1,20, rye 69 cts, and corn 55a56 cts. weight.

Havana, June 17.—Lumber white pine M 15a17; beef No. 1, 2, prime and mess 6 4a7 4; butter, Am 12a24; candles, mould 13 4a14 4; sperm 30a31; cheese, Am 10a12; flour, Philada and Baltimore $12; hams, Am ql 8 4a11, lard 11a11 4; onions, 100 bun 6 4a7; pork N O and eastern mess 9 2a12; soap, yellow 7a8 4; honey, gal 2a2½; molasses, keg of 5½ gal ¼a1; sugars, assorted ⅓ white and ⅔ brown 5 9.5¾ 9¼; white alone 8¾a10; brown alone 4½a5, yellow 5½a6½.

Richmond, June 26.—Flour—Country, very little in market, which is held at $5 50, 5,12½ has been offered, but refused. Tobacco—Receipts heavy, no material change in prices, except for fine manufacturing qualities; we quote lugs 2a2¼ and ¼; leaf common, 3a3½, middling 3¾a4¼, good 4½a5½ fine stemming and manufacturing scarce, and sells from $6 to $11½ as in quality; a few extra manufacturing hhds have been sold at from $10 to $8½. Corn 55 to 57½c per bushel.

Savannah, June 24th.—Cotton—Received 2727 bales, cleared 2270, including 131 to Philada, stock on hand 11,977 bales, against 531 last year. The Upland market has been quiet, the sales which reach 1453 bales, being limited to filling orders for the north; the stock include 876 bales at 5a5½, and 584 at 6a6¾ cts. Rice—Stock light and prices are ⅛ cent higher; sales of 341 casks at 2a2⅞ cts per lb.

Charleston, June 24.—Cotton—Receipts this week 2248 bales, cleared 3990, stock on hand 9563 bales. Rice—demand good, and the receipts being light and stock small, prices have advanced. Sales of 1147 tcs at 2a2½ cts.—Grain—sales of 3880 bush New Orleans corn at 53, and 3100 Va at 59 cts. 125 bdls Phila hay sold by auction at 50a70 cts as in quality. Flour—sales limited.

The Cleveland Herald says that all the breaches in the Ohio canal have been repaired; on Friday night, the 15th ultimo, the first boats reached Cleveland. The receipts the ensuing day were 29,302 bushels wheat, 16,200 bbls flour, and 13,720 bushels corn.

Buffalo, June 23.—A cargo of Milan wheat was sold at $1,08. The market has been swept of round-hoop flour at $4,75. June 23, a cargo of Milan wheat is storing—$1,12½ has been refused for it. All the Upper Lake wheat has been taken at former rates.

Rochester, June 24.—Flour has fluctuated this week. Sales at $4,50 to 4,88. To-day it is up to $5. The supply of wheat continues fair; supply in ten days 40,139 bushels by canal, besides that from wagons. Prices $1 to 1,08 for wheat.

At Wilmington, N. C., on the 21st ult. turpentine sold at $1 80a1,85, tar $1,12½, timber $3½a5, nothing doing in lumber or staves.

At Alexandria, on the 24th ult. the store price of flour was $5, receipts light, and market firm. No grain in market.

LADIES' GARLAND NOW IS THE TIME to subscribe for the LADIES' GARLAND, as with the July number it commences No. 1, volume 1, new series. It will be much improved in appearance, well printed on fine white paper, and superior to any other Dollar Magazine now published. Each number will contain twenty four large extra size super royal pages, and will be handsomely embellished with Engravings, Lithographs, Paintings and Music. The contents will be of the most pleasing and useful character. The July number, just published, has the following *Original Articles*, viz:

The Golden Clasp. | Lines on reading Tuier's History of the French Revolution.
Song for the Bridal.
The Death of a Sister.
Rural Burial Places. | Pray Always.
The Plague in London. | The Minister and Coquette.
Little Anna's Dream. | Love, etc.
Marrying in Haste.

Selected Articles—The Carcanet, an exquisite story; The Violet; Rural Bitses.
Compiled and Original—The Geranium.
Embellishments—The Geranium, elegantly colored—Rural Burial Places, a beautiful engraving—Music, The Angel's Whisper.

Altogether, considering the price of the work, the number is a splendid one.

Published monthly, at $1 a year, or seven copies for $5—fifteen copies for $10.

All orders must be accompanied by the money, and post paid, to ensure attention. J. VAN COURT, Publisher, Corner of Bread and Quarry streets, Philada.

Many favorable notices have been awarded to the Garland, from which we select the following:

A neat, cheap, and popular periodical, bearing this title, is before us; it is embellished with wood cuts and music, and its articles, both original and selected, are all interesting and in good taste, as well as of a high moral character. It is a capital little work for the family circle.—*Western Weekly Review.*

The Ladies' Garland is neatly embellished, and contains much matter of an agreeable and entertaining kind. It is an unpretending, but quite a meritorious periodical.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

The Garland with us has ever been a favorite. It is always chaste, pleasing and entertaining; and we cannot conceive how any lady can arise from a perusal of one of its numbers, without feeling herself a better woman. There is always more or less in its pages that is enriching and ennobling to the mind—something that is calculated to expand the intellect, and raise the thoughts from the grovelling things of earth to those which are spiritual and eternal.—*American (Pa.) Presbyter.*

This cheap and well conducted publication is decidedly moral and religious in its tone; and on this account may be safely introduced into the family circle. It will be found a pleasant and instructive visitor—a garland of choice flowers unmixed with thorns.—*Newburyport Watchtower.* jy 1

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and leave their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the U. S. S. Post from the 14th to the 27th June.

June 14, received from

B. A. Newell	$2 00	J. Taylor	4 00
Rev. F. Rutherford	5 00	P. Smith	1 25
N. McClure	17 00	D. Gregory	2 00
O. Howard	4 00	J. Hamer	2 00
S. A. Barron	2 00	C. R. Fredericks	2 00
P. D. Crosby	10 00	T. Gilbert & Co.	21 00
J. Fuller	2 00	E. Toole	2 00
C. L. Hawley	1 00	R. Reed	5 00
H. B. Hess	1 00	C. Fox	2 00
W. Donnelly	2 00	W. Gorges	2 00
June 15.			
J. G. Kline	1 00	D. Whitney	8 00
W. Steinmetz	2 00	A. Hummel	2 00
A. J. Sanderson	2 00	J. Logan	3 00
J. McMaster	8 00	Miss E. Parker	2 00
R. Northington	5 00	J. M. Davis	2 00
H. Morrison	2 00	A. G. Williams	12 00
J. P. Blodgett	2 00	V. M. Long	5 00
C. H. Kellogg	2 00	A. Wolverton	3 25
S. Chamberlain	2 00	W. L. Hoppock	5 75
H. Belcher	2 00	E. Black	4 00
F. Gilmore	10 00	J. Ford	2 00
A. Nash	2 00	Rev. D. A. Nichols	2 00
Miss M. Troup	2 00		
June 16.			
F. Empy	1 00	J. L. Ross	4 00
J. Flower	2 00	Capt. A. F. Ramsey	2 00
D. & W. C. Jones & J. Parrott	5 00	J. Black	6 00
J. P. McCants	5 00	D. Carlisle	2 00
J. T. Watson	2 00	D. Wethrow	2 00
G. S. Stanton	2 00	J. W. Blanchard	4 00
J. H. Mack	2 00	J. B. Parker	2 00
F. A. Fenn	10 00	J. Kress	2 00
A. B. Jacobs	2 00	E. Jones	2 00
A. S. Purdy	2 00	T. D. Mays	2 00
O. Palmer	2 00	P. Hicks	1 25
J. Curtis	2 00	C. H. McGregg	3 00
B. Rikerd	1 00	Ed Knot	6 00
P. McCauley	2 00	D. Smith	2 00
P. Kephart	2 00	C. Bolton	2 00
Mrs. E. C. Wagsmith	2 00		
June 17.			
J. Wonderly	1 00	J. Hall	2 00
G. Savitz	2 00	A. H. Tucker	2 00
J. Slade	2 00	W. Hicks	2 00
D. Dibble	2 00	D. J. W. King	5 00
T. Palmer	2 00	J. Harris	2 00
L. Ryan	5 00	J. W. Dickenson	2 00
T. Garrigues	2 00	W. McLaughlin	2 00
A. Wyckoff	2 00	F. Vansandt	2 00
H. McMahan	5 00	R. Powell	2 00
R. Stewart Jr.	2 00	W. Fowler	2 00
L. Atkins	2 00	W. Wessler	13 78
G. D. Boyer	10 00	G. S. Atley	36 24
J. Beck	2 00	J. Keisley	2 00
S. Bachman	2 00	W. E. Kay	2 00
C. Johns	2 00	Miss L. Denny	2 00
I. Pratt	1 00		
June 19.			
J. Hoover	2 00	P. Lile	5 00
T. Kirkner	1 00	H. C. Lockwood	10 00
H. M. Brown	2 00	H. Barnes	2 00
Mrs. J. Ponell	2 00	S. Kellogg	1 50
Mrs. M. Williams	2 00	J. Tobin	1 00
J. Saunders	2 00	F. Nixon	2 00
H. Smith	2 00	C. Platt	2 00
D. B. Jones	2 00	R. Ellis	2 00
N. Brown	2 00	M. Taylor	1 00
Miss L. Hassatt	2 00	W. A. Baldwin	1 50
A. McMillan	2 00	J. Opdycke	2 00
June 20.			
J. W. Lefevre	8 00	U. Watrous	2 00
W. Taylor	16 30	T. Graves	4 00
C. Reppert	2 00	W. Case	2 00
Atheneum of Pa College	1 00	J. Ingram	2 00
E. Terry	3 00	J. Sampson	7 00
T. Toombes	8 00	N. B. Knapp	15 00
B. Wiley	1 00	H. W. Weld	17 13
R. L. Mabry	2 00	J. Hartley	1 00
Waddy Jones	2 00	D. Reynolds	1 00
J. Lewis	2 00	M. Morrison	1 00
Dr. E. Howell	1 00	J. Vaux	2 00
P. Bosley	5 00	Miss V. Washington	2 00
		J. Singmaster	2 00
June 21.			
Miss H. Corry	1 00	R. Owen	2 00
G. Besser	2 00	E. Capps	4 00
Dr. R. D. Lockidge	2 00	J. Hassell	10 00
R. J. Mitchell	2 00	C. Reser	2 00
H. L. Copeland	5 00	H. Pratt	24 00
E. Garrett	2 00	W. Case	2 00
J. M. Landis	2 00	E. Schlichter	2 00
J. Johns	2 00	S. Gillespie	2 00
June 22.			
R. Shields	1 00	Camm Thomas	5 00
W. E. Lehman	1 00	J. C. Green	2 00
C. Ritz	2 00	W. Gaines	2 00
W. C. Bettencourt	2 00	J. R. Weldon	23 06
W. Scott	2 00	S. H. Stevenson	10 00
J. Wynkup	1 00	P. Tangert	2 00
C. Atwater Jr.	2 00	H. Stevenson	2 00
J. S. Rollins	2 00	Dr. J. Wood	2 00
A. Wattrons	2 00	J. Moser	2 00
J. Hamilton	2 25		
June 23.			
J. F. Youse	2 00	E. Oakman	2 00
J. P. Hinkle	2 00	J. B. Geddes	2 00
Capt. J. B. Wright	1 00	J. B. Randall	2 00
C. T. Lusby	3 25	J. Davis	2 00
J. R. Patton	4 00	J. Walker	2 00
Col. R. Merriwether	2 00	Cath. Harwick	2 00
J. Cobb	1 50	Mrs. P. Conroy	3 00
F. Prince	2 00	J. Saunders	2 00
C. A. Lauer	2 00	W. McMillan	2 00
W. Huntley	4 00	J. Quidland	2 00
G. W. Hollenback	1 00	L. Walton	1 00
A. Holohan	2 00	N. J. Embree	2 00
J. A. Campbell	2 00	J. S. Sims	1 87
A. Ward	2 00		
W. Howe	2 00		
June 24.			
S. McMinn	1 00	J. Melvin	10 00
J. Lincoln	1 00	A. Kingsbury	1 00
J. McCoy	75 00	M. Baron	5 00
I. E. James agt	2 00	M. Ayre	6 65
J. N. Bishop	2 00	G. B. Gray	9 72
J. Withrow	2 00	S. Simmons	2 00
A. Newell	2 00	J. W. Alexander	2 00
D. O. Lion	2 00	M. M. Smith	13 12
W. D. Knap	2 00	G. B. Bill	2 00
J. Thompson	2 00	A. Clayton	2 00
A. Spalding	2 00	J. McDonald	2 00
June 26.			
O. H. Moeller	1 00	R. Huse	1 00
W. Y. Marshall	1 00	H. Hollis	6 00
W. Mitchell	1 00	R. Perry	2 00
J. Huber	1 00	D. Pears	2 00
Mrs. T. Myers	2 00	H. R. Alexander	2 00
M. Mitchell	2 00	R. Bird	2 00
J. L. Beers	2 00	F. Tyler	2 00
G. Webb	2 00	S. Hosenkker	2 00
June 27.			
C. Doan	5 00	W. Berlediged	1 00
H. B. Wells	2 00	J. Brooks	2 00
S. Brinton	1 00	C. Bacon	2 00
H. Y. Windham	2 00	T. Foster	1 00
E. A. Hall	1 00	J. Finn	5 00
Ira Whiting	2 00		

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 24, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 17th to the 24th June.

DISEASES	Adults	Children	DISEASES	Adults	Children
Asphyxia,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Brought over,	16	35
Cancer of the Uterus,	[illegible]	[illegible]	——Scarlet,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Congestion of the Lungs,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Gangrene,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cholera Infantum,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Hæmorrhage,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Consumption of the Lungs,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Inflammation of the Brain,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Convulsions,	[illegible]	[illegible]	——Lungs,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Croup,	[illegible]	[illegible]	——Stomach and Bowels,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Crural Phlebitis,	[illegible]	[illegible]	——Bowels,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Diarrhœa,	[illegible]	[illegible]	——Liver,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dropsy,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Influenza,	[illegible]	[illegible]
——Head,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mania a Potu,	[illegible]	[illegible]
——Breast,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Marasmus,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Drowned,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Old Age,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dysentery,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Scrofula,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Debility,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Still Born,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Erysipelas,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Tumour,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Empyema,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Unknown,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fracture,	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Fever, Bilious,	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Carried over,	16	35	Total,	22	32—60

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 4 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 19,	67	72	74
20,	67	75	81
21,	69	75	81
22,	74	81	83
23,	76	83	85

HOVER'S INK.—The attention of the public is invited to the following testimonial from the Hon. John White, Speaker of the House of Representatives, U. S. Hover's Ink.—Washington, Feb. 24th, 1843.

I state that I have used the ink during the present session of Congress, manufactured by Joseph E. Hover, Esq. of Philadelphia, and I have found it to be an excellent article of writing ink. JOHN WHITE, Speaker House of Rep.

Washington, D. C.

For sale at No. 163 NORTH THIRD Street, 6 doors below Race, (east side) Philadelphia, by JOSEPH E. HOVER, Manufacturer.

Also, for sale at the agency, at G. F. Nesbitt's, corner of Wall and Water street, New York.

☞ Also, for sale at the office of the United States Saturday Post, 98 Chesnut street, at the manufacturer's prices.

RINGWOOD THE ROVER.

JUST PUBLISHED by W. H. GRAHAM, No. 98 Chesnut street, RINGWOOD THE ROVER, A TALE OF FLORIDA, by H. W. Herbert, author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," etc. price 12½ cts.

☞ Agents and others supplied at liberal discounts. All orders to be addressed to W. H. GRAHAM, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

July, 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
1 SATURDAY,	4 36	7 24	5 11	
2 SUNDAY,	4 36	7 24	5 59	D. H. M.
3 MONDAY,	4 37	7 23	6 48	
4 TUESDAY,	4 37	7 23	7 39	
5 WEDNES.	4 37	7 23	8 31	First 4 1 38
6 THURSDAY,	4 38	7 22	9 26	Full 11 12 6
7 FRIDAY,	4 38	7 22	10 23	L'st 19 8 33
8 SATURDAY,	4 39	7 21	11 23	New 27 12 36

Married,

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. C. Vanarsdale, CHARLES W. MURRAY, to Miss WILHELMINA LAWRENCE, all of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. N. Cantwell, Mr. GEORGE S. HOOKEY, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss CATHARINE M. SHOFFNER, of Pottsville.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, MILTON SMITH, to AMELIA W. COURTAULD.

At St. Augustine, Florida, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. A. McClure, Capt. JOHN T. SPRAGUE, U. S. Army, to MARY, daughter of Gen. W. J. Worth, U. S. Army.

At Whitesborough, N. J. on the 21st ult. by the Rev. J. Jay Odell, Rector of St. Peter's church, Bainbridge, the Rev. ANDREW HULL, Rector of St. Andrew's church, New Berlin, to SARAH GOLD, daughter of the Rev. J. Frost, of the Presbyterian church.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Boyd, Mr. ROBERT M. SCOTT, of Kensington, to Miss Miss ANN BARBARA COPPER.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. PHILIP H. KLOHSE, to Miss ELIZABETH McGUAY, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, SAMUEL McGOWAN, of Kingston, U. C. to LUCINDA, youngest daughter of the late John Simpson, merchant, of Londonderry.

At Mahon, Island of Minorca, on the 23d May, by the Rev. Wm. G. Jackson, GUSTAVUS H. SCOTT, Lieut. in the Navy of the U. States, to JULIA P. daughter of Purser J. N. Todd, of the same service.

On the 23d ultimo, by John M. Scott, Mayor, JEDIAH MIDDLETON, to MAGDALINE SAGERS, all of Spring Garden.

On the 22d ult. near Wilmington, Del. according to the order of the Society of Friends, CHAS. WARNER, merchant, of Wilmington, to MARY R. youngest daughter of John Richardson.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. G. W. Bethune, CYRUS K. FROST, to ELIZA RANEY.

Died,

On the 26th ult. ALFRED H., only son of Mordecai and Deborah Guest, aged 17 months and 20 days.

On the 28th ult. THOS. HAGSTOR, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. WASHINGTON, infant son of H. and Anna M. Miller, aged 4 months and 16 days.

On the 23d ult. at Geneva, N. Y., Dr. EDWARD CUTBUSH, formerly of this city.

On the 27th ult. after a severe and lingering illness, CATHARINE LIPPARD, eldest daughter of the late Danl. B. Lippard.

On the 26th ult. ISRAEL PLEASANTS, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. FRANCIS SANDS, of Fetterville, N. J. in the 59th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. after a lingering illness JOHN KELLY, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. of scarlet fever, JOSHUA C. infant son of John and Elizabeth Houskeeper, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 23d ult. Mr. HENRY REMMEY, aged 77 years.

On the 25th ult. after a short illness, PAUL JONES, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 25th ult. after a short but severe illness, CATHARINE, daughter of Chas. and Gracine Johnson, in the 13th year of her age.

On the 25th ultimo, WESTON C. DONALDSON, aged 58 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. SARAH CARRELL, aged 44 years, 5 months and 19 days.

On the 25th ult. BENJ. HOUSLER, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. ELIZABETH ANTHONY, aged 6 years and 2 months.

Suddenly, on the 24th ult. JAS. MULOCK, son of Geo. Mulock, in the 16th year of his age.

On the 25th ult. HESTER FISHER, in the 32d year of her age.

In Woodbury, N. J. on the 23d ult. Rev. SAMUEL D. BLYTHE, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Woodbury.

On the 24th ult. MARTHA J. C. ENGLISH, infant daughter of J. C. and Catharine A. English, aged 8 months.

On the 23d ult. HENRY GRATTAN, son of F. A. Jennings, aged 16 months.

On the 23d ult. at his residence in Germantown, MICHAEL RITER, aged 72 years.

On the 24th ult. JAMES SEVERETT, an old resident of the city, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 22d ult. MARY, infant daughter of E. W. and R. A. Cavenaugh, aged 11 months and 6 days.

On the 25th ult. EMMA, daughter of Reuben Lukens, aged 2 years.

On the 24th ult. CHAS. H. HITTEL, aged 15 years.

On the 24th ult. MARY A. daughter of John Hawley.

On the 24th ult. ELIZABETH HUSTON, aged 30 years.

On the 23d ultimo, JOHN ROSS, machinist, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, aged 56 years.

Suddenly, on the 24th ultimo, PAUL MILLMAN, son of the late Jesse Millman, of this city, in the 15th year of his age.

On the 14th ult. JACOB STINSMAN, aged 75 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, No. 25 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 1st, 1843.

MAINE	
Calais bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	-
City bk. Portland,	-
Damariscotta,	-
Mercantile bank,	-
Stillwater canal bk	-
Bangor Com. bank	-
Westbrook bank,	-
Citizens bank,	-
Globe bank,	-
Washington co	-
Frankford bank	-
All solvent banks	⅝a¾
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	⅝a¾
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans	3
Bk. of Bennington	90 dis
All solvent banks	⅝a¾
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	⅝a¾
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	⅝a¾
NEW YORK	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk. Seneca co	50
Com bk. New York	3½
Lafayette bank,	
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	
Dry Dock bank	1
N. Am. Trust Co	
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	50
Com bk. Buffalo,	50
All solvent banks	⅜a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken
Wayne County bank,	
Mer. & Planters,	
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsm Mechanics Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	30 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
Man. and Mec. bk	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes	30a33 dis
Girard do	14 dis
Penna. do	par
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester	par
Chest'r co. at W Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co	par
Farmers bk Reading,	par
Easton,	par
Northampton	80 dis
Lancaster bank	½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster	½ dis
Lebanon	3 dis

Harrisburg,	3½ dis
Middletown,	3½ dis
Carlisle,	3½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	1 dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners bk at Potts	3½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	7½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	88 dis
York,	3½ dis
Gettysburg,	3½ dis
Chambersburg,	3½ dis
Waynesburg,	7 dis
Brownsville	2½ dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank	70 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	27 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	40 dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco bank,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Fredericktown,	1 dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Westminster,	1 dis
Williamsport,	1 to 1½ dis
Cumberland	2 dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	breko
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	1 dis
Broken bks.	various prices
Balt. Ohio R.R. notes,	30 dis
DELAWARE	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. & Mechanics,	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	3 dis
Wheeling post notes,	3 dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½
Small notes	2
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bk.	-
Exchange bk.	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk. of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Ruckeerv. Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA	
All solvent banks	17 dis
Small notes	18 dis
OHIO	
Cincinnati	3½ dis
Bank notes	4 dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	70 dis
State bank	62½ dis
KENTUCKY	
Notes,	2 dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	3
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
FLORIDA	
W'rn Life & Tr. Co.	-
CANADA	
Montreal	6
Exchange on New York,	¼ dis a ½ prm.
Boston,	¼ dis
Baltimore	par
Specie	
Country Relief Notes	3½ dis
City Relief Notes	3½ dis

FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

MR. Editor: As this is an assertion that many persons afflicted with the disease cannot believe, I will endeavor by relating my symptoms to help them to the belief of the fact, that Dr. Rose in my case has proven the title of his work on Consumption correct, viz. "Consumption Curable." Early in the spring of 1842 my general health began to decline, and in August I was compelled to leave off work and apply to a physician, who, after a careful examination of my chest, pronounced me in Consumption, and commenced a course of practice under which I could not perceive any amendment. After a perseverance of six months my health being worse, my night sweats, fevers, cold extremities, expectoration, emaciation and debility increasing, and receiving very little hope of a chance of recovering, I was induced like a drowning man catching at straws to try some of the quack nostrums of the day. This course I continued until the increase of my symptoms became more alarming, and I abandoned myself. Having met with Dr. Rose's work on Consumption [illegible] after a careful reading of it, I was induced to consult the Doctor, which I done on the 4th day of March, 1843. Dr. Rose examined me carefully and repeatedly, and pronounced me curable, but I must acknowledge my doubts were strong, and continued so until I had progressed two weeks with his treatment, when from my feelings I was compelled to believe what had appeared to me impossible. I continued his remedies and directions for two months when I found myself able to resume my work and continue so without relapse. June 12th the Doctor pronounced me well which I am compelled to believe, being free from all of my old symptoms. [illegible] which was great indeed, gradually left me with all my other symptoms. I must here acknowledge that when I read Dr. Rose's work I did not believe it possible for Dr. Rose or any other doctor to cure me after what I had tried without benefit from the hands of others. But I must now say I would recommend all similarly situated to consult Dr. Rose at once. "Our doubts are traitors and often make us loose." DAVID MUIR.

Phila. June 20th, 1843. Market street, above Schuylkill Fifth, south side. Where I will be glad to see any one who wishes information relating to my situation or case.

☞ Dr. Rose's remedies for Consumption for sale wholesale and retail at 90 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where may also be had the Treatise on Consumption. jy 1 tf

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND ART.
NEW VOLUME. JULY, 1843.

EDITORS:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The second semi-annual volume of Graham's Magazine, for 1843, will commence with the July number. The Publisher and Editors, while expressing satisfaction of the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the Twenty-Third Volume. As is well known, no other magazine ever published in the English language, has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. ALLSTON, BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, HERBERT, GRATTAN, LONGFELLOW, PAULDING, WILLIS, WILDE, constitute, alone, a corps equal to any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages, among whom are FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, DR. BETHUNE, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, JOSEPH C. NEAL, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, and others, will hereafter be added to the list. Of course, therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department the highest talent of the country will be enlisted and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the leading literary periodical of America. Articles will appear in the Twenty-Third Volume from each of the following distinguished writers:

James K. Paulding, Author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho!" etc. etc.
Fitz-Greene Halleck, Author of "Fanny," "Alnwick Castle," etc.
James Fenimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as Found," "The American Democrat," etc.
Richard H. Dana, Author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle Man," "Discourses on Shakespeare," etc.
William Cullen Bryant, Author of "The Ages," "The Fountain, and other Poems," etc.
T. C. Grattan, Author of "Highways and Byways," "Jaqueline of Holland," "History of the Netherlands," "The Heiress of Bruges," etc.
Henry W. Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.
N. P. Willis, Author of "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," "Inklings of adventure," "Letters from under a Bridge," etc.
Charles Fenno Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," etc.
William Falconer, Author of "Translations from Contemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
Henry William Herbert, Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "The Maid of Orleans," "Ringwood the Rover," etc.
H. T. Tuckerman, Author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabelle, or Sicily," etc.
Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida, etc."
John H. Mancur, Author of "Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League," etc.
Rufus W. Griswold, Author of "The Poets and Poetry of America," etc.
James Russell Lowell, Author of "A Year's Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," etc.
Cornelius Mathews, Author of "The Politicians," "The Motley Book," "Puffer Hopkins," etc.
Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Constantinople and Athens," "Ship and Shore," etc.
Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Author of "Random Shots," "Agathe," etc.
Alfred B. Street, Author of "Nature," "The Burning of Schenectady," etc.
George Hill, Author of "The Ruins of Athens," "Titania's Banquet," etc.
Albert Pike, Author of "Hymns to the Gods," "Sketches and Poems," etc.
Edgar A. Poe, Author of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," etc.
H. Hastings Weld, Author of "Corrected Proofs," etc.
Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D.
Joseph C. Neal, Author of "Charcoal Sketches," etc.
John Inman.
Joseph R. Chandler, Editor of the United States Gazette.
Robert Morris.
Hon. Robert T. Conrad, Author of "Aylmere," etc.
William E. Burton.
George Lunt, Author of "The Grave of Byron," etc.
Rev. Louis L. Noble.
Charles J. Peterson.
George H. Colton, Author of "Tecumseh," etc.
Reynell Coates, M. D.
Walter Lander, Author of "Stanley," etc.
W. A. Jones.

Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Author of "Constance Latimer, the Blind Girl," "Guido, and other Poems," etc.
Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, Author of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," etc.
Mrs. Seba Smith, Author of "The Sinless Child," "The Western Captive, or the Times of Tecumseh," "Essays, Critical and Miscellaneous," etc.
Mrs. "Mary Clavers," Author of "A New Home—Who'll Follow?" "Forest Life," etc.
Mrs. Maria Brooks, Author of "Zophiel, or The Bride of Seven," etc.
Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Author of "Mary Derwent," etc.
Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, Author of "Zinzindorf and other Poems," "Letters to Mothers," etc.
Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Author of "Characteristics of Schiller," "Rambles in the Country," etc.
Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, Author of "Poems and Essays," etc.
Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Author of "Poems by Amelia," etc.
Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, Author of "Tales and Sketches," etc.
"F. E. F." Author of "The Marriage of Convenience," etc.

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TO ALL PEOPLE TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS shall come.

Whereas We, Abraham Keagy, of South Woodberry Township, Bedford county, and State of Pennsylvania, and Michael Shimer, Jr. of Union Township, county and State aforesaid, Inventors, Patentees, and sole Proprietors of a machine called "The Spark Arrester," did heretofore, by a certain instrument of writing, or Letter of Attorney, appoint John Scott to be our Attorney, in our names, and for our uses, to make sales of Rights, for us, for the said Spark Arrester machine, to State Governments, Railroad Companies and all persons whatsoever disposed to purchase rights, and to recover and receive all such monies, debts, dues, and effects whatsoever arising from the sales of said spark arrester machine, and to do all other matters and things as fully as we ourselves might or could do, for that purpose, &c. or to that or the like effect, as by the same writing, relation being thereunto had, at large appears. Now know ye that we the said Abraham Keagy and Michael Shimer, Jr., for divers good causes and valuable considerations, have revoked, recalled, countermanded. And made void, and by these presents do revoke, recall countermand, and to all intents and purposes, make null and void and of none effect, the said recited writing, or Letters of Attorney, and all powers and authorities therein and thereby given and granted, and all acts, matters and things whatsoever, which shall or may be had, done or performed by virtue or means thereof, in manner whatsoever.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this ninth day of May, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-three.

ABRAHAM KEAGY, [SEAL.]
MICHAEL SHIMER, [SEAL.]

Signed, Sealed and Delivered by Michael Shimer, Jr., in presence of
THO. J. PETRIKEN.
JOEL GIBBONEY as to KEAGY.

June 3, 1843. je 24 3t

Gems from the Poets.

STANZAS.

BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed,
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flow'rs that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.
Oh! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfum'd breath;
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know;
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below:
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,—
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand:
In virgin earth, till then unturn'd,
There let my maiden form be laid,
Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark,—the lamb, in sport,
In air,—on earth—securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent,—but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey;
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,—
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care;
I cannot these cold truths allow:—
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But, oh! they vex and tease me now.
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace;
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,—
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,—
For only generous souls design'd,
And not a man to meet us there.

Selected Tales.

LONGEST HOUR IN MY LIFE.

BY T. HOOD.

Like my fellow-mortals, I have found Time to resemble both the Hare and the Tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped, at others as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a Flying Childers; many dark and long ones, when he stepped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a hearse. All his divers paces are familiar to me—he has galloped, trotted, ambled, walked with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed almost to stand stock-still. Never, oh, never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those month like minutes, which composed that interminable Hour—the longest in my whole life!

"And pray, sir, how and when was that?"

For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half-past nine to half past ten o'clock, A. M., on the 1st of May, new style, Anno Domini, 1822. For the how, you shall hear.

At the date just mentioned my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter Change.

These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country cousins called *to see the lions*, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me to go as often as agreeable, which happened so frequently, that the animals soon knew me by sight, while with some of them, for instance the elephant,* I obtained quite a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with the glances half shy and half savage which they threw at less familiar visitors.

But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal tiger could not or would not recognise me, but persisted in growling and scowling at me as a stranger, whom of course he longed to take in. Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and quite in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very impotence of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled or devoured by such striped monsters as the one before me; and, as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse as it were all the man-eating manœuvres of the species: now creeping stealthily round his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, then crouching for the fatal spring, and anon bounding against the bars of his cage, with a short, angry roar, expressive of the most fiendish malignity.

There seemed to be some antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took a peculiar pleasure in my presence in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes, stretching out one huge muscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed, and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre-like grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobbets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.

"Lord! what a dreadful creature!"

Very, ma'am. And yet that Carnivorous Monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of the species—a delicate little girl, of about six years old, and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the Tiger very earnestly for some minutes, and what do you think she said?

"Pray what, sir?"

"Oh, Mr. Cross, if ever that beautiful great pussy has young ones, do save me a kitten!"

* * * * * *

On the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o'clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter Change, and walked directly as usual, into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visitor, about the place—like Alexander Selkirk, "I was Lord of the Fowl and Brute." I had the lions all to myself. As I stepped through the door my eyes mechanically turned towards the den of my old enemy, the royal Bengal Tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a spiteful grin and a growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was nowhere to be seen. The cage was empty!

My feeling, on the discovery, was a mixed one of relief and disappointment. Methought I breathed more freely from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always clung to me, like a presentiment of injury sooner or later from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room, convinced me that his departure had left a void never properly to be filled up. Another royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place—but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost led me at times to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respected progenitors. An enemy, as well as an old friend, though not lamented, must be missed. It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory and association to be deprived of even the ill-will, the frown, or sneer of an old familiar face, and the brute was, at any rate, "a good hater." There was something piquant, if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforward lost, for me, a portion of its interest. But stop—there is a gentle reader in an ungentle hurry to expostulate.

"What!—sorry for a nasty, vicious wild beast, as owed you a grudge for nothing at all, and only wanted an opportunity to spit his spite!"

Exactly so, madam. The case is far from uncommon. Nay, I once knew a foreign gentleman in a very similar predicament. From his German reading, helped by an appropriate style of feeding, the stomach of his imagination had become so stuffed and overloaded with Zamiels, Brocken Witches, Hobgoblins, Vampires, Were Wolves, Incubi and other devilries, that for years he never passed a night without what we call bad dreams. Well, I had not seen him for some months, when at last he called upon me, looking so wobegone and out of spirits, as to make me inquire rather anxiously about his health. He shook his head dejectedly, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his chest, as if about to complain of it, and in a broken voice and broken English, informed me of his case.

"Oh, my goot fellow, I am miserable quite. Dere is someting all wrong in me—someting very bad—I have not had the Night-Mare for tree weeks."

"Well, after that, sir, I can swallow the tiger. So pray go on."

After my first surprise was over, my curiosity became excited, and began to speculate on the causes of the creature's absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of the species? Had he gone to perform in the legitimate drama—or taken French leave? I was looking round for somebody to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted with a thunder-bolt.

"Mercy on us! You don't mean to say that it was the tiger?"

I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room, he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly suppressing his usual snarl of recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him, he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion, he must have arrived there first—but terror rivetted me to the spot. There I stood, all my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless and dumb. Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mighty bound upwards, was fluttering like a scared bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched—my jaw locked—my eyes fixed in their sockets, and from the rush of blood seemed looking through a mist, whilst within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, and which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

This state, however, did not last. At first, every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast iron; my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble: but after a few seconds, the muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints gave way, the blood thawed and seemed escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexpressible sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass on the floor.

The tiger, in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down—cat-like—his back curved inwards, his face between his fore-paws, and with his glaring eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half-inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were *sculling* him on.

In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up, and become nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an enraged rattlesnake.

There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were, from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the same massive bars which had formerly kept the Man Eater within, might now keep him out. In another instant I was within the den, had pulled to the door, and shot the heavy bolt. The tiger foiled by the suddenness of this unexpected manœuvre, immediately rose from his couchant position, and after violently lashing each flank with his tail, gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course: to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude the heralds call rampant, he gave a tremendous roar, which made my blood curdle, and then resting his fore-paws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long, long, stare, with two red fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.

"And didn't the Tiger, sir, poke his great claws, sir, into the cage, sir, and pick you out sir, bit by bit, sir, between the bar?"

Patience, my dear little fellow, patience. Since the Creation, perhaps, a Man and a Wild Beast, literally changing places, were never before placed in such an anomalous position: and in these days of dulness and a dearth of dramatic novelties, having furnished so very original and striking a situation, the Reader ought to be allowed a little time to enjoy it.

It was now my turn to know and understand how Time "travels in divers paces with divers persons." To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out, like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minims and seconds, and possible "last moments" of existence—the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one vital pulsation and another!

Oh those interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath!

How shall I describe—by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time, when marked on a Dial of the World's circumference by the Shadow of death?

Methinks while that horrible face, and those red, fiery eyes were gazing at me, Pyramids might have been built—Babylons founded—Empires established—Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled, and fallen—yea, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity.

In the mean time the tiger kept his old position in front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to *eat him*, and as to his devouring me, having recently breakfasted on a shin of beef he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, knowing perfectly well, that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch, he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.

Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the further corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but the sound died in my throat, and when at length I succeeded, the tiger, whether to drown my voice, or from sympathy, set up such a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly, that convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was approaching. If he had no hunger for food the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, cat-like, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more supernaturally ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions—especially his mouth,—drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth—then smacking them, or licking them with his tongue—of the roughness of which be occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars. But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but a significant, knowing wink, and then inflating his cheek, puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling most ominously, *of raw flesh!*

"The horrid wretch! why he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian!"

Yes, madam—or, at any rate like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired of such mere pastime. His tail—that index of mischief—resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time with it to some Tiger's March in his own head. At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars he tried by an experimental semicircular sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knee, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage—of course making myself as much like a *bas-relief* as possible.

Fortunately my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lappel would have been fatal; as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of its sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in this fishing for me, he then struck the bars, seriatim, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets, to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe. There was such a diabolical sagacity in the Beast's proceedings that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his late front-door and walked in to me.

* * * * * *

Confound the keepers!

Not one of them, Upper or Under, even looked into the room. For any help to me, they might as well have been keeping sheep, or turnpikes, or little farms, or the king's peace—or keeping the Keep at Windsor, or editing the Keepsake!—or helping the London Sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green to keep May Day!

Oh! what a pang, sharp as tiger's tooth could inflict, shot through my heart as I remembered that date with all its cheerful and fragrant associations—sights, and scents, and sounds so cruelly different to the object before my eyes, the odor in my nostrils, the noise in my ears!

How I wished myself under the hawthorns, or even on them—how I yearned to be on a village-green, with or without a Maypole; but why do I speak of such sweet localities?

Mayday as it was, and sweep as I was not, I would willingly have been up the foulest flue in London, cleaning it gratis. Fates that had formerly seemed black and hard, now looked white and mild in comparison with my own. The gloomiest things, the darkest misfortunes, even unto negro-slavery shone out, like the holiday sooterkins—*with washed faces.*

My own case was getting desperate. The Tiger enraged by his failure, was furious, and kept up an incessant fretful grumble—sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek—while again and again he tried the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time it was plain had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as by his frequently opening and shutting his paws, and licking his lips, in fact making a sort of Barmecidal feast on me beforehand.

The effect of this mock mastication on my nerves was inexpressibly terrible—as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy. Besides from a correspondence of imagination, I seemed actually to feel in my flesh and bones every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. Oh, horrible—horrible—horrible!

"Horrible, indeed! I wonder you did not faint!"

Madam, I *dared* not. All my vigilance was too necessary to preserve me from those dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain overstrained by such intense excitement, would give way, and drive me by some frantic impulse—a maniac—into those foamy jaws.

Still bolt, and bar, and reason, retained its place. But alas! if even the mind remained firm, the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and as stiff as corpse, my life was comparatively safe; but the necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and certainly could not be long protracted—the joints and sinews must relax, and then—

Merciful heaven!—the crisis just alluded to was fast approaching, for the overtasked muscles were gradually give, give, given—when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner-room. The Tiger answered it with a yell, and, as if reminded of some hatred object—at least as obnoxious to him as myself—instantly dropped from the cage, and made one step towards the spot. But he stopped short—turning his face again to the cage, to which he would probably have returned but for a repetition of the same cry. The Tiger answered it as before with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door, into the next chamber, whence growls, roars, and shrieks of brutal rage soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.

The uproar alarming the Keepers, they rushed in, when springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; and while the men where securing the Tiger, I secured myself by running home to my house in the Adelphi, at a rate never attained before or since.

Nor did Time, who "travels in divers paces with divers persons" ever go at so extraordinary a rate—*for shtoners*—as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the *Age* which I had passed in the Tiger's Den must have been some sixty minutes!

And so ended, Courteous Reader, the Longest Hour in my life.

---

* This same elephant once nearly killed an Irishman, for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme, "but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose that you could pull with both hands."

The Humorist.

ABSENCES OF MIND.—Cases have been frequent. A gentleman in Portland, connected with the Transcript office, intending to shave himself for Sunday, lathered his own face and shaved his wife. She is in a fair way to recover.

A gentleman down East, seeing his pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on, kissed her, supposing it to be the real Simon Pure. He discovered his error through the assistance of his wife.

A man in Purchase, State of New York, intending to sign the total abstinence pledge, went and put his name down on the mail book for Texas. His landlady discovered his error, when she perceived he had not paid his board.

A man employed to saw a load of wood sawed off his arms and legs, in a state of mental abstraction and did not discover his error, till he tried to split them.

☞ An honest fellow was introduced into the most fashionable circle of a country village; and though he was neither learned nor brilliant, yet he passed off very well. But he had one incorrigible fault; he always staid so as to be the last person who left the room. At length he was asked categorically why he always staid so long. He replied with great good nature and simplicity, that as soon as a man was gone they all began to talk about him; and consequently, he thought it judicious to stay till none were left to slander him.

☞ A maiden lady named Lucy Long has desired the proprietors of the Detroit Advertiser to send her their paper, promising to cash up 'after harvest.' The editor says in reply, 'the paper shall be sent, of course, for we could never find it in our heart to refuse a lady anything—and as to the payment—why,

"Take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time Miss Lucy Long."

POLITENESS ON ALL OCCASIONS.—At a wedding recently, which took place at the altar when the official priest put to the lady the bonne question: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, "If you please, sir." Charming simplicity.

AN EDITOR COURTING.—An absent minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said—"Well, you want my daughter; what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?" "Give her!" cried the other, looking up vacantly; "Oh! I'll give her a *puff.*"

IRISH WIT.—Not long ago we expressed our sympathy for an Irish woman—old and very poor—who, in addition to her other misfortunes, had lately lost her teeth. "Time for me to lose 'em," she replied, "when I have nothin' for em' to do."

☞ A soldier boasted to Julius Cæsar of the many wounds he had received in the face, Cæsar knowing him to be a coward, responded to his boast, "The next time you run away you had better take care how you look behind."

☞ "This is a very impartial country for justice," said Sam. "There ain't a magistrate going as don't commit himself twice as often as he does other people."

☞ "I must punish you, child, because I love you." "Oh, dear! pa—I'd rather you would hate me and let me alone."

☞ As big as you are, I always keep ahead of you, as the fore wheels said to the hind one.

☞ It is from inability to discover what they ought to do, that men err in practice.

☞ Drunken frolics over the whiskey bottle are now called *rye*-otous proceedings.

☞ *Belles* call young gentlemen to church more frequently than *bells* do.

Choice Selections.

SONG.
Sung at the Faneuil Hall Dinner.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

The following song was sung to the air of "Sparkling and bright."

Lonely and still was the verdant hill
And the waves below yet slumbered,
The breezes light as a summer night
All the dewy hours numbered:
The Sentry's tramp from the foeman's camp,
With his tone of hasty warning,
Came low and clear to the yeoman's ear
As he watched the early dawning.

The heroes thought as they bravely wrought
Their country's altar rearing,
Of a noble land by Valor's hand
Made free and home-endearing;
In firm array, when broke the day,
The deadly charge they waited,
And side by side in silent pride,
With skill their prowess mated.

Then waved the sword, then blood was poured,
Oppression's host dismaying,
While the death-rent air and the cannon's glare
O'er Freedom's birth were playing;
And that green height with the evening light
Its crimson turf o'ershading,
Had holy grown as Freedom's throne,
Like the starry crown unfading.

Once more the skies with summer dyes
Above the field are bending,
And the waters still beneath the hill
Their crystal waves are blending;
But Peace divine around the shrine
Her boundless harvest wearing,
Bids us proclaim to deathless fame
Our fathers' matchless daring.

To-day a throng with festal song
The sacred mount o'erflowing,
Have gathered there with pomp and prayer,
All hearts with rapture glowing;
On the gory bed of the martyr'd dead,
In shade majestic sleeping,
Stands Freedom's pile in Glory's smile
Eternal vigil keeping.

BILLY FANE'S ESCAPE FROM HANGING.

Many years ago, during the administration of Gov. Poindexter in the State of Mississippi, there resided in the northern part of that State, a good natured honest sort of a fellow, by the name of William Fane, or as he was familiary called, Billy Fane. Billy was fond of whiskey, and when under its potent and debasing influence sometimes became annoying to those about him. It happened on a bright summer's day in the month of August, that Billy found himself in the store of Joshua Pettingale & Co., who found Billy exceedingly noisy and troublesome, and forthwith tumbled him out of the door into the highway. He reeled to the shade of a neighboring tree, and stretched himself at full length on the green turf, and soon was fast asleep. Dinnertime came and Pettingale & Co. left the store for their dwelling, after slightly fastening the door. In the mean time Billy awoke, a good deal sobered by his long nap in the open air, and entertained serious thoughts of proceeding homeward, when he discovered his hat was missing. To go to the store, try the door, and after finding it fast, with gentle force urging it open, to pick his hat from the floor, put it on, and straightway start home, was the work of a very few moments. Now, when the worthy venders of various commodities returned to their warehouse, they were astonished to find the door unfastened and ajar. They looked to the lank shelves to see if any of their wares and merchandise was missing: they sought the slumbering Billy, he had fled. The flight of poor Billy was confirmation strong that he was the culprit, and in less than no time a constable was despatched with a warrant from Justice Noodlebury for his immediate arrest. The constable found Billy quietly at work on his little strip of land, and informing him of his business bade him follow on to the domicil of the worthy magistrate. Mr. Justice of the Peace, Noodlebury, was one of your sedate, good natured, benevolent, and very honest men, but was not half as well acquainted with the law as the late Judge of the Criminal Court of Mississippi, and when Billy was ushered into his presence he was seated in an old fashioned arm chair, with writing materials, and a bound volume containing the laws of the State before him. There was no counsel on either side. Messrs. Pettingale & Co. told their story, which was corroborated by several witnesses, two of whom saw Billy's forcible entry in their premises, and then Billy told his tale, in his own plain straight forward way. After the parties had been heard, the Justice pondered long and thoughtfully. The case was a clear one, and Billy Fane was undoubtedly guilty of burglary! The Squire put spectacles on his nose, and turning to the law relative to the case, to his horror found the punishment was death, and not knowing there was any such thing as a trial by jury, after some preliminary remarks proceeded to sentence Billy to be hung on a certain day. Billy of course remonstrated, but the Justice told him that, though he believed he had spoken the truth in relation to the affair, yet by the letter of the law he was guilty of burglary, and the penalty of the law was death to any person convicted thereof.

There were no jails in that portion of the State at that time, and Billy returned to his home with a sorrowing heart. The caresses of his wife and the innocent prattle of the Juvenile Fanes failed to rouse him from the deep dejection of spirits he had fallen into. He knew only that on a certain day he had got to go and be hung, and that caused him exceeding disquietude. He strove to labor in his field for a day or two, but the horror of his situation rendered him powerless. The day fixed on for his execution drew on apace, and Billy's anxiety of mind was horrible. Unable any longer to bear up under the thoughts that oppressed him, he went to the magistrate to learn if any thing could possibly be done to save his neck from the halter. The Squire condoled with him, commiserated his hard fate, and expressed deep sorrow that the stern mandate of the law required a sacrifice so great; but there was the law, and he, its sworn administrator, could do nothing but see its requirements fulfilled. Squire Noodlebury could devise no way to save Billy, unless on a fair representation of the case being made to the Governor he should interpose the executive clemency and pardon him. Accordingly he made a fair statement of the case, vouching for Billy's honesty, and, regretting the necessity that had compelled him to pass the sentence of death on him, begged his Excellency to pardon him.

The next day saw Billy Fane mounted on a stout gelding, making his way with all convenient speed to the capital, some four days' ride distant, to endeavor to procure a pardon from the Governor. Arrived at the Governor's house, Billy entered, found his excellency at home, and with great humility handed him Squire Noodlebury's letter. The Governor read it attentively, and with great difficulty suppressed the rising mirth which the ludicrousness of the affair provoked. Excusing himself for a moment, "Old Poins" retired to a shaded grassplot near his mansion, and rolling on the ground gave vent to a loud and continuous volley of cachinations that could no longer be suppressed, and when he was able to resume his gravity and usual dignity of demeanor, returned to the anxious culprit and wrote him an unconditional pardon; and after writing a note to the worthy Squire, informing him of the fact that every citizen accused of crime was entitled to a trial by a jury of his peers, handed them both to Billy, and sent him on his homeward course, rejoicing in his narrow escape from hanging.—*N. O. Tropic.*

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

Ask me not how I love thee. Feel this heart
Beat to thine own with pulses wild and high;
Let its mute throbbings tell how dear thou art—
Take from these eyes a passionate reply.

I cannot speak my love. But I can be
Thine own through life and death—and only thine.
Thy love may fail or cool, but mine for thee
Is life-long worship at a changeless shrine.

That raven hair may blanch—that lofty brow
Lose its calm beauty—that pure heart its truth.
But mine shall keep these perfect—mine shall throw
Round thy sad failing age the hope and power of youth.

Thy path is now amid the bright and gay,
Thyself so gay and bright; but change must come;
And those who share thy noon-tide's sunny way
Will enter not with thee to quiet evening home.

Then shalt thou know how deeply I have loved—
Then wilt thou turn to me, and heart to heart,
We, from our calm retreat, will watch, unmoved,
The fickle summer friends of thy proud life depart!

HAS A PHYSICIAN FEELING?

The question is mooted, in this enlightened age, whether the familiarity of a physician with success of distress, does not tend to make callous the sensibilities and tender obtuse those sacred emotions which "feel a brother's pains, and weep at another's woe." A writer in the Medical and Surgical Journal, has the boldness to argue in the *affirmative* of this question. This is a somewhat superogatory labor—for the benevolence of physicians, as a class, is proverbial, and more touching *facts*, illustrating the disinterested kindness and humanity of the *physician*, can be cited, than is the case with relation to any other profession or occupation, not even that of the clergyman. We have room for only one. In Moore's Annals of Concord, N. H., we find an interesting anecdote of Dr. Ezra Carter, an able, but somewhat eccentric physician in that place many years ago. On a certain occasion, Dr. Carter was called to visit a sick family at Bow. Added to their other sorrows, poverty had thrown around them her tatters and rags. Disease is ever loth to quit such company. The family were a long time sick—the doctor was their constant attendant—and upon their recovery, the poor man felt new troubles coming upon him. "How, doctor," said the unhappy man, "am I to pay you for all your kindness, your attention and medicine? You see here a large family, destitute of every thing save the bare necessaries of life." "I have been faithful to you," replied the doctor, "and am I not entitled to a reward?" "You are, doctor, oh, you are!" said the trembling wife, "but do wait a little—we can't pay you now." "I can inform you, my good friends," said the inexorable physician, "that I am *knowing* to your having property enough to satisfy my demands—and moreover, that I shall *have it* before leaving the house."

The poor family were thunderstruck—they knew that no friendly feelings subsisted between the proprietors of Rumford and Bow—but had always heard the doctor applauded as a man of benevolence and mercy. They knew not what to do. At this moment, away scampered a flock of kittens across the room, which the doctor seeing, caught one of them and put it in his pocket. "I told you I should have my pay," said the doctor; "I have got it. Good bye, and God bless you!"

Many anecdotes of this kind, says Mr. Moore, are related of him; and one of the last acts of his life was equally noble. Just before his decease, he looked over his accounts, filled out receipts against all poor persons who were indebted to him, with directions that his executors should deliver them to those concerned immediately after his death. This was accordingly done.—*Boston Journal.*

A DOLLAR A DAY AND FOUND.

A gentleman who resides in the vicinity of the city, and whose early mornings are devoted to the culture of a large garden which is attached to his house, finding himself somewhat behind hand in his horticultural department this spring, accosted a tidy looking Irishman, who was passing his gate one morning, with the inquiry if he "would like a job?" "*Sure, sir, and it's that same I'me looking afther,*" said Paddy in a rich brogue, which won upon the heart of him by whom he was addressed, and who immediately replied—"I shall want you four days—what wages do you ask for?" "Why, sir," returned the son of Erin, "as I live a good bit away from this, and my going home for *males* will bother me day's work, while an exthra mouth at yer honor's kitchen table is nothing at all, I'll just come for *a dollar a day, and you shall find me!*"

This was agreed to; and, as Pat had his rent to pay the next day, and wanted something for the *childers*, the gentleman paid him four dollars on the spot, and the work was to be commenced the next day. The next day, however, and the next, and then the whole four days passed by, and Pat was never seen at the garden or the gate!

It might have been a month after the occurrence above related took place, when the parties meeting by accident in the street, Pat was accosted by his former employment in an angry tone, with—

"Well, sir, and why the devil did you not come to work for me, according to your agreement?"

"Sure, sir," said the Irishman, (with a respectful twitch at the rim of his well-worn tile,) "it's meself that was ready to do my part of the bargain; but yer honor's at fault this time, anny how."

"And pray how?" asked the other.

"It's yerself 'ill not deny yer honor agreed to give me me *a dollar a day and find me.*"

"And didn't I give you a dollar a day, and pay you before-hand, too?"

"Thrue for you; yer honor did that same—ye did give me the dollar a day—but—ye didn't *find* me!"

"Find you, you scoundrel! I ransacked every street in town; but where the devil were you?"

"Shooting at Muddy Pond Woods, yer honor!"

The gentleman gave Pat a dollar, and told him to call at the garden when he wanted work—but to be sure to *find himself!*—*Boston Post.*

RELIGION.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

There is a power which cheers the soul,
Where storms of grief and anguish rise,
When lightnings flash and thunders roll,
And clouds o'ercast life's sunny skies.

It breaks the chain which care has bound—
It soothes the heart by grief oppress'd,
And sheds a blissful radiance round—
A holy calm, a heavenly rest.

'Tis blest Religion, power divine,
Which dissipates the blackest gloom,
And bids bright hopes of glory shine,
To gild the darkness of the tomb.

Nor are these hopes of glory vain,
Nor are they changing unsecure—
They fade not, die not, but remain,
While endless ages shall endure.

ADVICE TO SUNDRY PEOPLE.

When you feel your passions raising, never confine or restrain them. How many boilers have been burst by too close an imprisonment of their contents?

Always proclaim the faults of others. There should be no secrets in a republican government.

Never give up your opinion though you know you are wrong; it shows that you have no independence.

Whenever you attach your neighbor's character, do it behind his back, so as not to wound his feelings.

Make it a rule to keep company with rogues and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for an offence you have committed, and your comrades should be called as witnesses against you, nobody will believe them and so you will get clear.

Never forgive an injury. The power of pardoning belongs to the Governor and Council.

When you have done an act of charity, publish it to others; so that they may do so too. Besides, every man can preach best from his own notes.

Never pay your debts—it is unconstitutional; for payment impairs the obligation of a contract, and even the Legislature has no right to do that.

Temperance is a great virtue; therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast is as good as a thousand.

When you are at church, go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest.

If a secret has been committed to you to keep, take special care to keep it safely; and it may be well for caution's sake to get one or two others to help you.

And as a woman is called the 'weaker vessel,' she should have half a dozen to help her.

Never sweep your parlor—it makes a confounded dust.

Never brush down a cobweb; it is part of a spider's dwelling house, and of course his *castle*, and *therefore is sacred.*

A BRILLIANT THOUGHT FROM A DARK HEAD.—A few days since, in Jersey, a man of color, on being apprised by his employer that he began to exhibit the silver tokens of age, replied in the following beautiful burst of natural poetry, "Ee, massa, dis nigger blossoming for de grave!"

MAN A STREAKY ANIMAL.

Man is a streaky animal—fat vices and lean virtues. One of our very leanest takes the shape of an anxiety to honor people's whims and feed their vanity, and gratify that spirit of exaction which, when it once begins, never knows when to stop, by paying them all sorts of little attentions. It may be said that social life is made up of them; that the exercise of affections, the sympathies, the courtesies is but the continual rendering of all sorts of little attentions. True; as animal life is but so many puffs of breath, as ocean is but so many drops of water, and the national debt so many half farthings. To set up as professor of the charities and affections by practising only the little attentions, is like paying off the debt with a small coin or two at a time. We are not to include in the catalogue of those who exact the little attentions, persons who are borne down by age and its infirmities. Here they are essential, and to be rendered with sincerity. The weak man feels the tide of life ebbing away, he begins almost to count the drops, and he requires hour by hour some token of kindness, some manifestation of sympathy, some proof that he is yet lingering among his kind, and not already the worm's perquisite ere the coffin comes. His potations of brandy have subsided into thin weak draughts, and he wants a relish to them. He has need of some good soul to remind him feelingly that it is time to take his gruel. The thought for him thus shown sweetens the tasteless cup. Small attentions are all that he is now capable of receiving. The hand that would aid his tottering steps must be very gentle—a strong service would overthrow what it intended to sustain.—*Laman Blanchard.*

HOW A CANDLE BURNS.—The combustion of a candle illustrates many natural laws in a simple manner. When the wick is lighted, it melts a portion of the tallow immediately beneath, and forms a little cup, in which a quantity of the liquid tallow continues. The wick, by capillary attraction, draws up a portion of this tallow, which enters the flame. Here it becomes a gas, and combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, forming carbonic acid. A portion of the gas formed from the melted tallow may be ignited away from the candle, by placing a small tube, rather wider than the bore of a piece of tobacco-pipe, in the dark part of the flame; the gas will pass through this, and if a light be applied at the other end, it may be ignited. The existence of the carbonic acid may also be shown by holding a lighted match a little above the candle, when the former will be extinguished.—*Dalton's Experiments.*

A REMARKABLE instance of voracity was related to us the other day by one of our subscribers. The son of a farmer, living a few miles from this city, shot six squirrels, five of which were grey squirrels of the very largest size. These six squirrels were cooked in the usual manner, (stewed or roasted, we forget which,) and a person in the neighborhood sat down and ate them all, picking the very bones clean! When it is recollected that a gray squirrel is nearly as large as a rabbit, and that *one* is generally regarded sufficient for a single person, the character of the performance may be understood. The consideration was that, if the squirrels were not devoured, *the epicure* was to pay $1—if they were, he was to pay nothing.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

Choice Excerpta.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. ELLIS.

When a woman is possessed of a high degree of tact, she sees, as if by a kind of second-sight, when any little emergency is likely to occur; or when, to use a more familiar expression, things do not seem likely to go right. She is thus aware of any sudden turn in conversation, and prepare for what it may lead to; but, above all, she can penetrate into the state of mind of those with whom she is placed in contact, so as to detect the gathering gloom upon another's brow, before the mental storm shall have reached any formidable height; to know when the tone of voice has altered, when an unwelcome thought has presented itself, and when the pulse of feeling is beating higher or lower in consequence of some apparently trifling circumstance which has just transpired.

This valuable acquirement, however, can never be attained without the cultivation, in early life, of habits of close observation. It is not upon the notes of a piece of music only, not upon a pattern of fancy-work, nor even upon the pages of an interesting book, that the attention must alone be brought to bear; but upon things in general, so that the faculty of observation shall become so sharpened by constant use, that nothing can escape it.

Far be it from me to recommend that idle and vulgar curiosity which peeps about without a motive, or, worse than that, with a view to collect materials for scandal. Observation *is* a faculty which may be kept perpetually at work, without intrusion or offence to others; and, at the same time, with infinite benefit to ourselves. Every object in creation, every sound, every sensation, every production, either of nature or of art, supplies food for observation; while observation, in its turn, supplies food for thought. I have been astonished, in my association with young ladies, at the very few things they appear to have to think about. Generally speaking, they might be all talked up in the course of a week. And what is the consequence? It is far beyond a jest; for the consequence too frequently is, that they grow weary of themselves, then weary of others, and lastly weary of life—of life, that precious and immortal gift, which they share with angels, and which to them, as to the angelic host, has been bestowed in order that therewith they may glorify the gracious Giver.

Now this very weariness, which at the same time is the most prevalent disease, and the direct calamity, we find amongst young women; since it not only makes them useless and miserable, but drives them perpetually into excitement as a momentary relief—this weariness arises out of various causes with which young people are not sufficiently made acquainted, and one of the most powerful of which is, a neglect of the habit of observation.

"I have seen nobody, and heard nothing to-day," is the vapid remark of one to whom the glorious heavens, and the fruitful earth, might as well be so much paint and patchwork. "What an uninteresting person!" exclaims another, who has never looked a second time at some fine expressive countenance, where deep feeling tells its own impassioned story. "I wish some one would come and invite us out to tea," says a third, whose household library is stored with books, and whose parents have within themselves a fund of intelligence, which they would be but too happy to communicate, could they find an attentive listener in their child. "But my life is so monotonous," pleads a fourth, "and my range of vision so limited, that I have nothing to observe." With those who live exclusively in towns, I confess this argument might have some weight; and for this reason, I suppose it is, that town-bred young women are often more ignorant than those who spend a portion of their early life in the country—not certainly because there is really less to be observed in towns, but because the mind, in the midst of a multitude of moving images, is comparatively unimpressed by any. I confess, too, there is something in the noise and tumult of a crowded city, which stupifies the mind, and blunts its perception of individual things, until the whole shifting pageant assumes the character of some vast panorama, upon which we look only with regard to the whole, and forgetful of each individual part.

Patriotic.

SIGNERS OF THE
Declaration of Independence.

The following is a list of the names, time of birth and death, age, and states represented by each, of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Names.	State.	Born.	Age, time of signing.	Died.	Age.
Samuel Adams,	Mass.	1722	54	1803	81
Robt. Treat Paine,	"	1731	45	1814	83
John Adams,	"	1735	41	1826	91
John Hancock,	"	1737	39	1793	65
Elbridge Gerry,	"	1744	32	1814	70
Stephen Hopkins,	R. I.	1707	69	1785	78
William Ellery,	"	1727	49	1820	93
Josiah Bartlett,	N. H.	1729	47	1795	66
Matthew Thornton,	"	1714	62	1803	89
William Whipple,	"	1730	46	1785	55
Oliver Wolcott,	Conn.	1726	50	1797	71
Roger Sherman,	"	1721	55	1793	72
Samuel Huntington,	"	1732	44	1796	64
Wm. Williams,	"	1731	45	1811	80
Philip Livingston,	N. Y.	1716	60	1778	62
Wm. Floyd,	"	1734	42	1821	87
Lewis Morris,	"	1726	50	1798	72
Francis Lewis,	"	1713	63	1802	89
Francis Hopkinson,	N. J.	1737	39	1790	53
John Hart,	"	1715	61	1780	65
Abraham Clark,	"	1726	50	1794	68
Richard Stockton,	"	1730	46	1781	51
John Witherspoon,	"	1722	54	1794	72
Benjamin Franklin,	Penn.	1706	70	1790	84
James Smith,	"	1718	58	1806	88
Benjamin Rush,	"	1745	31	1813	68
George Clymer,	"	1739	37	1813	74
Robert Morris,	"	1733	43	1806	73
George Ross,	"	1730	46	1779	49
George Taylor,	"	1716	60	1781	65
John Morton,	"	1724	52	1777	53
James Wilson,	"	1742	33	1798	55
George Read,	Del.	1734	42	1798	64
Cæsar Rodney,	"	1730	46	1783	53
Thomas McKean,	"	1734	42	1817	83
Charles Carroll,	Md.	1737	39	1832	95
Thomas Stone,	"	1743	33	1787	44
William Paca,	"	1740	36	1800	60
Samuel Chase,	"	1741	35	1811	70
Thomas Jefferson,	Va.	1743	33	1826	83
Benjamin Harrison,	"	1745	31	1799	54
Fra's. Lightfoot Lee,	"	1734	42	1797	63
Richard Henry Lee,	"	1732	44	1794	62
George Wythe,	"	1726	50	1806	80
Thomas Nelson, Jr.,	"	1738	38	1789	51
Carter Braxton,	"	1736	40	1797	61
John Penn,	N. C.	1741	35	1788	47
Joseph Hewes,	"	1730	46	1779	49
William Hooper,	"	1742	34	1790	48
Thomas Lynch, Jr.,	S. C.	1749	27	1779	30
Arthur Middleton,	"	1743	33	1788	45
Edward Rutledge,	"	1749	27	1800	51
Thomas Heyward,	"	1746	30	1809	63
Burton Gwinnett,	Geo.	1732	44	1777	45
George Walton,	"	1740	36	1804	64
Lyman Hall,	"	1731	45	1791	60

The Olio.

THE BARBER'S POLE, which is the symbol of the mystery of shaving by a razor, has been used for many years. Its origin it thus related in Pulleyn's Etymological Compendium:

"The origin of the barber's pole is to be traced to the period when barbers were also surgeons, under the denomination of Barber-Surgeons, or Barber-Chirurgeons, none other in former times being allowed to "let blood." To assist this operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick, or a pole was always kept by the Barber-surgeon, together with the fillet or bandaging used for tying the patients arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was tied to it that they both might be forthcoming when wanted. On a person coming to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole and bound around the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand; after it was done, it was again tied on and in this state the pole and tape were often hung at the door, for a sign or notice to passengers that they might there be bled. At length, instead of hanging out the indentical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandagings, and thus came the sign."

A FRENCH GHOST.—"The gamekeeper of an estate near Chateauneuf," relates the *Echo de Cher*, "was suddenly roused from his bed by the barking of his dogs, and getting up and opening the door of his house, which was in a solitary position, he saw rise from behind a hedge of his garden a figure clad in white bearing a lighted torch. As the phantom approached him, he levelled his fowling piece at it, and exclaimed, 'If you come from God, speak! but if you come from the devil, avaunt!' 'Fool!' repeated the apparition, 'I am the spirit of your deceased wife, come to warn you not to marry the girl A——, for she is not worthy of filling the place in your bed which I occupied when I was alive. One only is worthy of succeeding me, the girl B——. Think well of what I tell you, if not——.' At this point of the address, the keeper fired, and the ghost vanished. On the following morning the troubled spirit, in the person of girl B——, was brought into the hospital at Chateauneuf with a dangerous wound in her thigh, and, on her deposition as to the manner in which she received it, the gamekeeper was arrested, and detained in custody to abide the event."

A BATTER.

A bat about a farmer's room,
Not long ago I knew
To *fly.* He caught a *fly*—and then
Flew up the chimney *flue*;
But such a *scene* was seldom *seen*,
(I am quite sure of that,)
As when with sticks, all hands essayed
To hit the *bat a bat!*

AUCTION ANECDOTE.—The Boston Journal tells the following humorous anecdote: At an auction of a gentleman's library in London, a manuscript law book was put up, the production of a noted counsellor. To enhance the value of the work, the auctioneer, who understood his business, informed the company that besides the originality, it had the additional advantage of an opinion concerning it, written by Lord Chancellor Thurlow, which he should not exhibit until the book was knocked off. This took so well with the literati, that they endeavored to outbid each other, and it was disposed of at a very high price—when all crowded around the purchaser to read the opinion, which to avoid being crushed to death, he forthwith read aloud, to their amusement and his own mortification, as follows:

Mem I have carefully read this book, the performance of Counsellor S—n, and *do pronounce it not worth one farthing!*

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—The following fable, attributed to a reformed inebriate, is designed to illustrate the folly and faithlessness of drunken promises:

A mouse ranging about a brewery, by accident fell into one of the vats of beer, and was in immediate danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out; the cat replied, "it is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied, "that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer." The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of the beer set poor puss a sneezing, and dropping the mouse, he immediately took refuge in his hole. The cat, as soon as she could recover herself, called upon the mouse to come out —"you rascal, did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Oh!" replied the mouse, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

LAZINESS.—The laziest man we ever heard of was described as follows, to a friend of ours, by an old lady in Coweta county, Ga.

"Perhaps you didn't know Zeke Gibbens, what lived down here on West Fork; well, he was the laziest man you ever hearn tell of. When he and his wife got married they had a pretty good chance of truck between 'em. But Zeke was too lazy to make crops, and so every thing went to rack and rum. Zeke's wife was a right smart 'oman, so she told him one day he'd got to go to work." "Can't you plough?" says she. "Don't know how," says Zeke. "Well, I'll show you," so she geared up the hoss, put him in the plough herself, and took Zeke and led him to it, and put his hands on the plough handle, and do you think the lazy critter didn't stand there without stirring an inch *till the calves eat all his coat tail off.*

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Yes, yes! I'll lead a single life,
For married men are lost,
And the dearer that a wife may be,
The more that wife will cost!
Match-making meddlers! Ye may try
To wheedle me, 'tis true;
But though I'll never match your choice,
I'll be a match for you!

A LOST PLAY.—It is an authentic anecdote of Hogarth, that he was wont to make certain miniature sketches on his thumb nail, to be elaborated at an after time. A certain dramatist followed the practice. He would write a plot in the same limited space in short hand. He was once consulted on a new drama, by a manager. "I have it," exclaimed the ready artist, and he immediately marked the plot upon his thumb nail. Weeks passed over, but no play was presented. The manager waited on the author. "Now, about the piece! It's done, of course; you took it on your thumb nail?" "To be sure," replied the author, "and there it was for sometime; but, as ill luck would have it, I *one morning* unfortunately—washed my hands!"

EXTRAORDINARY BENEVOLENCE.—An old man of the name of Guyot, lived and died in Marseilles. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. The populace pursued him, whenever he appeared, with hooting and execration. In his will were the following words:—"Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are all supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

REFLECTION.

The past—where is it? It has fled.
The future? It may never come.
Our friends departed? With the dead.
Ourselves? Fast hastening to the tomb.
What are earth's joys? The dews of morn.
Its honors? Ocean's wreathing foam.
Where's peace? In trials meekly borne.
And joy? In heaven, the Christian's home.

POETICAL.—I sat by the open window one fine dewy evening. The stars shone out, and the moon flung her mild beams over the high rock that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest, but the wakeful frogs made music in the neighboring marsh, and the fire flies bespangled the darkness. The sighing wind just touched the tree tops, and their murmurs roared gently in my ears. I looked out upon the charming scene; I raised my eyes to the milky way,—and recollected *my rent was due the next day.*

FORGIVENESS.—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave: it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

THE MIND OF MAN.—So constituted is the mind of man, that it is with the greatest difficulty it grasps abstractions, even when the most accustomed to their consideration; and an immense number of mistakes in metaphysical reasonings are to be traced to man's tendency to employ material facts, or the terms that represent them, as a sort of covert illustration of abstract ideas; for metaphysical science has not even yet an accurate technology.

APPROPRIATE.—A boy on board the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, was much addicted to whistling, and the officer of the deck had reprimanded him several times, but to no purpose. One morning he was called, and up he came whistling as usual—he was ordered forward to take his seat astride of the bowsprit, and whistle to his heart's content: and he was no sooner comfortably seated than he struck up—"Sittin' on a rail."

A LAST LOOK.—There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding-day, it may be happy and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes the symbol of her own light heart, and leaves in that look darkness and desolation to you forever.

IN THE YEAR 1272, a laboring man in England was paid only three and a half pence a day for his labor, and in the same year a Bible sold for $150. It then required the entire wages of thirteen years labor to purchase a Bible. What a change has been wrought by means of the art of printing and the Bible Societies.

WHILE the squaw toils in the field, she hangs her child, as spring does its blossoms, on the boughs of a tree, that it may be rocked by the breeze from the land of souls, and soothed to sleep by the melody of the birds.—*Bancroft's History of the United States.*

A CHECK UPON THE IMAGINATION.—Archdeacon Perry, speaking of his laity and daughter used to say—"I never let my women when they shop take credit. I always make them pay up the ready money, sir—ready money is such a check upon the imagination.

ECONOMY.—Furnish your horses with green spectacles, and give them shavings to eat, cut up fine they will think it is grass.

STORMS AND FLOODS.
If, during the continuance of storms and Floods, the channels of
OUR MIGHTY RIVERS
become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be
OVERWHELMED WITH THE FLOOD.
In like manner with the human body—if the Skin, Kidneys and Bowels, (the natural outlets for
USELESS AND CORRUPT HUMORS)
become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases
THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS;
we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be
OVERWHELMED WITH DISEASE.
As in the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, in order that there may be no hindrance to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all the Natural Drains of the body.
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
will be found one of the best if not the very
BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD
for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory; because they completely CLEANSE THE STOMACH & BOWELS FROM ALL BILIOUS HUMORS, and other impurity, and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the Lungs, Skin, and Kidneys; consequently, as all the natural drains are opened, DISEASE
OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY
DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.
The following letters which have been received from gentlemen of the highest respectability will show conclusively that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most
VALUABLE MEDICINE,
and their fame is rapidly extending to every part of the Union.
Extract of a letter from Lawrenceville, Monroe Co.,
ARKANSAS.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Monroe Co., Arkansas, Dec. 10, 1842.
Doct. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Having become acquainted with your most excellent PILLS (viz INDIAN VEGETABLE) by experience, I take the liberty to write to you on the present occasion by way of suggesting the propriety of being constituted Agent for this State to dispose of them.
In 1841 I was prostrated with the congestive fever in East Florida, and often having been ill with the first attack and a severe relapse, I was necessitated to repair to New York for the recovery of my health, being much debilitated I tried different Physicians and as many medicines, but all to no purpose, I found my liver much affected and Dyspepsia setting in with its worst form; I began to think my case was hopeless. I concluded to resort to travelling; accordingly I left the city of Albany, New York, for Cincinnati, Ohio. On my way through New York State, I chanced to come across one of your Agents at Newark on the Erie Canal; I read one of your advertisements, purchased a box of Pills, and TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT FOUND MYSELF partially RECOVERED; on my arrival at Buffalo I purchased some more of your Agent there,—at Cleveland, Ohio, visited your Agent, the dry good merchant—talked with him and took several boxes; *I soon found myself a well man, and concluded to return to my profession, viz: A Travelling Methodist Preacher.*
I accordingly came on to St. Louis, and from there to Helena, Arkansas, where I joined the Arkansas Conference and assigned to Lawrenceville Mission on St. Francis and White Rivers, near the mouths of the same.
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, W. H. HOECK.
TANNER'S BROOK, N. J., Sept. 3d, 1841.
Doctor Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Your travelling agent was here a short time since, and left with me two dozen boxes of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, which I have already sold, although they had never been introduced in our neighborhood before. I at first prevailed on a friend of mine, who had been afflicted with the Dyspepsia and Rheumatism in the head, for the last two years, to make trial of them. He had previously tried various medicines, but never obtained any relief until he made use of your Indian Vegetable Pills. After using one box, he said he felt like a new man, and now, having used two more boxes, he considers himself a SOUND MAN.
Yours respectfully, &c. J. INGERSOLL.

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.
THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than five hundred Clergymen of various denominations.
They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best medical colleges in the United States, and has had twenty years experience in an extensive and diversified practice, by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.
These preparations consist of
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.
This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can, and do attest to its usefulness—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of phlegm or matter and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.
It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of children, in from fifteen minutes to an hours time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it. IT NEVER HAS FAILED TO CURE ASTHMA ON RELIEVE A COUGH.
Price $1 00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5 00.
JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS
For LIVER COMPLAINTS, GOUT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, FEVERS, NERVOUSNESS, ERYSIPELAS, and diseases of the SKIN, IMPURITY of the BLOOD, INFLAMMATIONS, MELANCHOLY, SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, PAINS in the HEAD, BREAST, SIDE, BACK and LIMBS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c. &c. &c., and whenever an Alterative or Purgative Medicine may be required.
There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much suffering and sickness might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might have been avoided by a timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic Medicines.
The proprietor can recommend these Pills with the greatest confidence, believing them far superior to the Pills in general use; more mild, more prompt, safe and uniform in their operation.
In using them no particular care is required. Persons may eat and drink as usual, if desirable, eat immediately after taking them.
Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach.
In small doses they are Alterative, and gently Laxative, but in large doses, they are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters, and producing healthy secretions of the stomach, liver and the various other organs of the body.
They may be taken AT ALL TIMES and in most diseases. In INFLAMMATORY, INTERMITTENT, REMITTENT, BILIOUS, and every other form of FEVER—JAUNDICE and LIVER COMPLAINT. For DYSPEPSIA they are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. They are very valuable for diseases of the SKIN, and for what is commonly called "Impurity of the blood." Also for FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, &c., and in fact every disease where an Aperient Alterative, or Purgative Medicine may be required.
☞ DYSPEPSIA POSITIVELY CAN BE CURED by a persevering use of this valuable SANATIVE, especially if the Tonic Vermifuge be used in conjunction. Price only 25 cents a box.
JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.
Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as worms. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected—Worms are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing convulsions, and too often death. The best remedy ever yet known is Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS, neutralizes acidity or Sourness of the Stomach, increases appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore